

THIS
MARRIED LIFE



HR





"Here's hoping there aren't too
Many Ship Wrecks in your
Voyage of Married life."
From one who isn't.

Sabbie M. Kerr.




MARRIAGE
IS A
ROUGH
VOYAGE

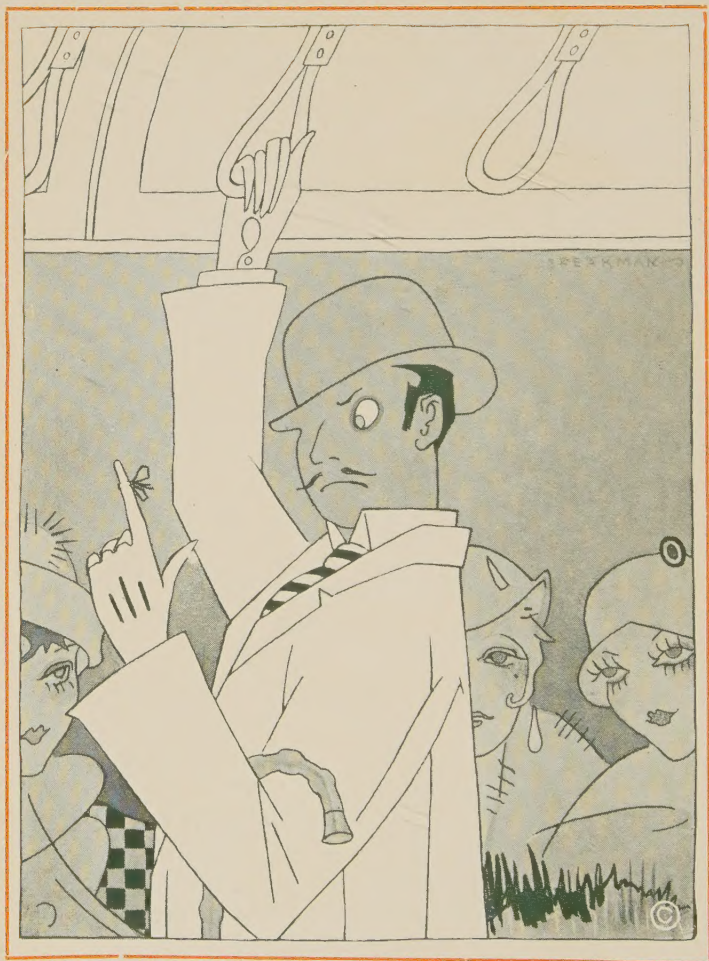


**THIS
MARRIED
LIFE**





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...to remind him that he's married.

THIS MARRIED LIFE

BY HELEN ROWLAND

WITH DRAWINGS BY
HAROLD SPEAKMAN



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To all those who are outside the bonds
of matrimony, and striving to get in—and
to all those who are inside, and struggling
to get out,

To all those who look forward to marriage as an Ideal—and to all those who
look back upon it as an Ordeal,

To all those who hunger for love—and
to all those who are “fed up” with it,

To all husbands, including *your* husband,
and *my* husband,

And to every “Rib,” since Eve,

This book is tenderly

Dedicated,

H. R.

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WHAT EVERY WIFE FINDS OUT

A man is animated by his higher and finer ideals—but nearly always ruled by his little weaknesses and impulses.

He builds beautiful dreams about the woman who inspires him, but spends all his evenings with the woman who amuses, soothes, or flatters him.



WHAT EVERY WIFE FINDS OUT

MARRIED BACHELORS

MARRIED men come in two varieties—tame and wild.

There are at least a thousand tame married men to one wild one; but the wild one gets all the advertising.

A tame married man is one who doesn't have to have a string tied around his finger every time he goes down town alone, to remind him that he's married. He knows that he's "Somebody's Darling."

He keeps his wife's picture on his desk, parts his hair to please her, wears the neckties she bought him for Christmas, comes

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home promptly every night for dinner, lets his wife drive the flivver, and always says, "I'll see what the Wiff says," before accepting the most tempting invitation.

He never compliments another woman or even looks twice at one—in his wife's presence.

He sometimes absent-mindedly says "Yes, dear," to the office boy.

He doesn't have to wear a wedding-ring. You can always spot him by that "married look."

You may dress, you may polish him up
as you will,

But the mark of the married man clings
to him still!

He is, in short, the noblest work of woman
—a *husband*!

The wild married man, on the contrary, is merely a "married bachelor."

To him, marriage is like vaccination; no matter how often he tries it, it never "takes."

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It rolls right off him like water off a mackintosh. His habits, his opinions, his clothes are not altered one jot or tittle by it.

He was married when he was off his guard, or under hypnotic influence, or something—and he never forgives the woman who took that advantage of him.

Home, to him, is just something to get away from, or a convenient place to go to in order to change his clothes for the evening out.

The only way to keep him in the house nights is to chloroform him and nail him to the floor.

At a party he can no more be left safely parked in a corner than can a good silk umbrella.

Somebody always annexes him—and forgets to return him.

No woman is the sun, moon and stars of his existence—they are all merely footlights.

If you are looking for an exciting and adventurous life, marry a born bachelor—if you can.

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But, if you want a long life and value your beauty sleep, take a man who can be tamed—a potential husband!

TWO-SIDED MAN

EVERY man is a study in black-and-white. There are two sides to his nature, forever struggling within his poor, tormented soul.

He is animated by his higher and finer ideals—but nearly always ruled by his little weaknesses and impulses.

He wants to do big, splendid, magnificent things—but spends most of his time doing foolish, little, trivial things.

He has beautiful, shining ideals about love and women, but somehow they get out of working condition the moment he gets near a pretty woman.

He builds dreams about the woman who inspires him, but spends all his evenings with the woman who amuses, soothes, tempts or flatters him.

WHAT EVERY WIFE FINDS OUT

He begins by wanting to win a woman's heart—and ends by fighting for her dances or her kisses.

He writes beautiful, brilliant essays on the nobility of hard work—and stops in the middle and grabs his hat when somebody rings him up and asks him to come out and play golf.

He resolves each morning to be calm, serene, tolerant, forbearing—and ends the day by going into a petty brainstorm because the waiter brings him tepid soup.

He is always making a Great Sacrifice—giving up a habit or a weakness or a woman “forever”—and then going right back to it—or her—next day.

When he marries, he resolves to be “on the square,” but finds himself fibbing on the way from the altar to the station about a little thing like the number of drinks he has had or what time he left for the church.

He is always going to eat less, get more exercise, and give up late hours, but a little thing like rare roast beef with boiled onions

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and cauliflower, or an introduction to a dimpled flapper, will switch him right off the High Road and back into the primrose path.

He plans a course of improving reading every winter, but somehow never seems to get beyond the sporting page and comic strips.

He has rigid ideas about punctuality, but is never on time for dinner.

He believes, down in the depths of his soul, in a Divine Power that guides and watches over him, but the only thing he seems to be afraid of is the chance of being found out by his wife or the neighbors.

Talk about a "dual personality"—*every* man is that—with the "duel" between his two natures forever going on inside of him!

MAN, THE THEORIST

THEORETICALLY, every man is a creature of strong principles, flawless judgment, hard common sense, rigid habits and Spartan routine. Oh, yes, he is!

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Theoretically, he is never more than “ten minutes” late—no matter what his watch may say.

Theoretically, he is out of bed promptly at seven-thirty every morning—but only to shut off the alarm clock.

Theoretically, he walks briskly to the office every day—but somehow it never seems to reduce his weight or his taxi-bills.

Theoretically, he works eight hard, long hours out of twenty-four—but when you call him at the office they always tell you to try “Joe’s place” around the corner.

Theoretically, he never snatches more than a “bite” of lunch—but it takes him two or three hours to snatch it.

Theoretically, he regards Woman as a goddess—but, as long as he’s single, he treats her more like a menace.

Theoretically, he hates a “loud woman”—but he will follow a streak of yellow hair, and red stockings, like a streak of lightning.

Theoretically, he is a “hard-boiled busi-

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ness man"—but in reality, he is a sheep in wolf's clothing.

Theoretically, he intends never to marry—but somehow he always gets tripped up in a pink baby-ribbon, and finds himself facing the altar before he can catch his balance.

Theoretically, he doesn't give a fig for public opinion—yet he is afraid to tip a glassy-eyed waiter less than a dollar.

Theoretically, he is the soul of economy—but, if he saves his old shoes and a few bits of string, he considers himself entitled to spend fifty dollars for a new set of golf-clubs.

Theoretically, he hates a frivolous woman around the office—so he takes her out to lunch to tell her about it.

Theoretically, he admires the sweet, old-fashioned girl—but at dances he always leaves her sitting against the wall.

Theoretically, he is going to marry the kind of woman who will look up to him as the "Big Chief" in his own house—but he always ends by marrying one who mothers

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him, calls him "Boysy" and tells him when
to wear his rubbers.

Theoretically, he scorns all theorists!

And the bitterest insult you can offer any
man is to call him a *theorist*!

THE MARATHON TALKER

WOMAN may be the "talkative sex"—but,
once he gets started, man holds the record
as a Marathon talker!

A woman may talk faster and oftener and
may crowd more words into a lifetime,
than a man does. But, for a long-distance
monologue, man has her beaten, every time!
It takes two women to talk as long at a
stretch as one perfectly normal man.

You can side-track a woman's chatter, just
by telling her that her nose is shiny or that
you smell something burning. But, once a
man starts out to tell a story, or to "prove"
something, or to "advise" you about some-
thing, nothing can turn him from his course,
except an earthquake or chloroform.

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You may shout to him that he's on fire, and he will merely brush away the sparks, pick up the thread of his theme, and go right on *talking*. You may spill hot coffee on his knees, or drop ice down his collar; but you can't wreck his train of argument or make him skip a word.

A woman talks, just to "talk." She talks to "be entertaining"—and she talks because she's bored. She talks because everybody else is chattering—and she talks to relieve the silence.

But, when a man starts talking, it is because he thinks he has something to *say*—and is determined to say it! He has a vital message!

"I love to hear you talk!"

"Tell me more about it!"

"How interestingly you put it!"

"Don't stop talking!"

Any one of these exclamations from a woman is a tribute that no man outside of a

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deaf-and-dumb asylum can resist. It will brighten up the dulllest evening and make a man wonder where you have been all his life.

Even a foolish woman knows enough to laugh at a man's joke, but it's a diplomat or a siren who knows enough to hang onto his coat-lapel and beg him to "Tell it again!"

Why does a woman ever waste so much breath and energy in talking, anyhow? No man ever listens to what a woman has to say. Her conversation is like a door swinging in the wind—just an annoying little interruption.

That's why lots of brilliant, peppy girls are wondering why they are "nobody's darling" and "nobody's rib." They won't listen, without interrupting, until a man has finished his Marathon.

What a man wants, when he marries, is not a human phonograph, but a nice, receptive little dictaphone, who will keep *quiet* and cherish his words.

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MAN'S RULING PASSION

A MAN is never so happy as when he is giving a woman "advice"—and he is always "advising" some woman about something.

When a woman marries a man, she acquires an authentic human edition of "The Book of Knowledge," that can "tell her all about everything"—and insists on doing it!

Some children can't take calomel, and some women can't take advice. The latter are always either spinsters until they are forty—or divorcées before they are thirty.

A man may admire an intelligent woman, but the woman he loves is the one who hangs onto his coat-lapel and begs him to *tell* her "all about" something she knows more about than he does.

The average man could accomplish twice as much in this world, if he did not spend half his life in telling a woman how to do things.

After a woman through her intuition and

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ingenuity has found out how to do something, a man can always stand around and tell her a better way of doing it.

No doubt, after Eve discovered the use of fig-leaves, Adam spent all his Sunday mornings telling her of a better way of pinning them together.

Before marriage, it is rather thrilling to discover what a Big, Beautiful, Wonderful Mentality you have captured. It makes you feel so little and tender and helpless. But, after marriage, you discover that his solicitude was not inspired by love of you but by love of "giving advice."

Every husband is a little "efficiency expert" in the home!

He can tell a woman all about how France could pay her war-debt, while he is wondering where the money for the next installment on the insurance is coming from.

He can expound the whole philosophy of getting "service" out of the cook and the tradesman, while he holds up the work down at his office.

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He can come in, two hours late for dinner, and deliver a beautiful homily on how to control the nerves, and how to keep food hot.

He can deliver a lecture on system, while you are hunting for his hat and his umbrella in the morning—and a thesis on orderliness and method, while you are trying to find the screw-driver he left in the medicine closet or sweeping up the cigarette stubs he left behind the piano.

He is never so brilliant in his diatribes on how to economize on tomato catsup and dried apricots as the morning after he has lost the mortgage money in a game of poker.

He would rather give a woman fifty dollars' worth of advice on how to keep her heels from running down, than five dollars with which to go out and buy a new pair of shoes.

He marries a woman because he thinks he has found the One Plu-Perfect Being in all the world—and then spends the rest of his life in trying to "improve" her.

WHAT EVERY WIFE FINDS OUT

A woman will take a lot of things from the man she loves—from his money to his brow-beating—but the one thing she *has* to take, if she wants the man, is his *advice*!

HIS SACRED HAT

THE average man's devotion to his hat is one of life's greatest mysteries.

It seems to be something sacred in his life, which he cherishes and protects as passionately as he does his dignity, his honor and his grandmother's memory.

He will fight for it, quarrel over it and risk his life under a motor truck or a trolley car to salvage its remains, in a wind.

At least a full quarter of his life is spent in hunting for it.

If a man would display half the daring and enthusiasm in pursuing a woman that he does in chasing an old straw hat, life for a girl would be so much more thrilling!

If he would cling to a faded or withered wife as desperately and loyally as he clings

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to a battered panama that has lost all its youthful contour and beauty, divorce might not be such a popular institution.

When a boy wants to start a fight, all he does is to snatch another boy's hat—and the battle is on. Any normal boy will cheerfully tear his Sunday coat to shreds in the effort to rescue a ragged, fifty-cent cap.

It is the *insult* of the thing!

You may disagree with a man's religion, decry his politics and laugh at his figure; but if you value his friendship, forbear to cast aspersions on his hat.

The expensive part of a woman's hat is the initial cost; the expensive thing about a man's hat is the upkeep.

No man can understand why a woman will pay thirty dollars for a hat containing ten dollars' worth of material and twenty dollars' worth of "label"; yet most men annually expend twice that amount in blackmail to coat-room boys for guarding a cherished two-dollar hat.

Picking out a new hat is a joy to a woman,

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an agony to a man—and a sacred rite to both of them.

A man selects a hat as he chooses a wife—just shuts his eyes and snatches the one nearest at hand. But, once having made his choice, he always sticks—to the *hat!*

Woman has done a lot of foolish things for sweet vanity's sake; but she has never yet tortured her head by encasing it in an air-tight straw hat, or a satin-lined, inverted baby's coffin, in midsummer.

Once upon a time the graceful lifting of his hat was man's most magnificent "gesture"; but nowadays he seldom raises it without inward resentment—except on entering a church.

To kiss a girl with his hat on was once a crime against romance; but now he seems to think a girl should be flattered to be kissed by a man in any costume.

After a man dies, his widow may look calmly on the house he built, the medals he won, his golf trophies, and even his old love-letters—but, if she loved him, she cannot

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gaze upon one of his old hats without a heart-breaking sensation of grief and tenderness.

Emerson was right—the hat is the *man*!

A MAN'S MEMORY

A MAN'S memory is the longest—and the shortest—thing in the world.

Like a radio it can be shut off or turned on at will.

It will curl up and go fast asleep, when it might be in his way; and then, just as you think he has forgotten what you promised, it will rush to his rescue, like a good watchdog.

He never forgets the opening date of the baseball season—and never remembers the date of his own wedding anniversary.

He never forgets that he owns a monkey-wrench, a shoe horn or a pair of pliers—and never remembers what he did with them.

He never forgets a woman's first kiss—and seldom remembers her last kiss.

He never forgets that the doctor said he

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could smoke if he liked—and never remembers the things the doctor forbade him to do.

He never forgets the flattering things a woman said—and never remembers the color of her eyes.

He never forgets his date to play golf, or a luncheon engagement with a new girl—but always has to be reminded of a business appointment.

He never forgets a single pair of old shoes in his closet—and never remembers where he put the pair he took off last night.

He never forgets the “temperamental fit” a woman had—and never remembers what he did to drive her to it.

He never forgets his cigarettes when he changes into evening clothes—but always forgets his money and the theatre tickets.

He never forgets the brilliant thing his baby said at breakfast—but sometimes has to have a string tied around his finger to remind him that he’s married.

He never forgets that he was once a girl-tamer and a dance-wizard—and never re-

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members his bald-spot and his increasing girth.

He never forgets the "big pot" he won—and never remembers the times he lost; he never forgets his wonderful "stroke"—and seldom remembers a dead love.

No wonder he keeps so happy, cheerful, healthy, and young!

He has the most accommodating, trick-action memory in the world. It never reminds him of life's duties, boredom and little unpleasantnesses—and never lets him forget its promises and triumphs.

ISN'T SCIENCE WONDERFUL!

ISN'T Science *wonderful*!

It has taught man everything! That is, nearly everything—except how to keep his shirt from bulging, to shave without cutting himself and to refrain from arguing with a woman.

It has taught him to control the elements—but not how to control his own temper or a woman half his own size.

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It has enabled him to chain the lightning and to talk through the air, but it has never taught a woman how to chain a husband to the house nights or to keep silent during a bridge game.

It has demonstrated that perpetual motion is only a fond dream, yet we still continue to believe in perpetual love.

By its aid, man has found the poles at the ends of the earth, but he never can find his own hat nor the particular socks he wanted to wear.

It has taught him to understand the Einstein Theory and the civilization of the ancients—yet he cannot understand a woman with whom he has lived half his life.

It has helped him to compute the exact number of miles a comet will travel to reach the earth, and the exact moment it will arrive, but never the number of miles he will walk in search of a lost golfball, or the exact moment he will get home for dinner.

It has shown us how to draw electricity from the clouds, but never how to draw a

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smile or a compliment from a husband before breakfast or the truth from the lips of a lover.

It has convinced man that two atoms cannot occupy the same space at the same time, but not that two women cannot simultaneously occupy the same space in a man's heart.

It has taught man the mysterious and powerful effects of the X-ray, but it has not yet taught him to refrain from lying on the beach under a broiling sun, until his shoulders are blistered.

It has taught him to beware of touching a lighted match to dynamite, but not to abstain from writing burning letters to a lady of the chorus.

It has demonstrated that an engine must be continually fed with coal or gasoline in order to keep it running, but it has never caused a man to doubt that a woman's heart will go right on pumping and beating for him, without fuel.

It has supplied man with everything he

WHAT EVERY WIFE FINDS OUT
could possibly want, need or wish for, from
food to airships—with everything, except a
little *common sense*!

Isn't Science wonderful!

THE PINK PERIL

IT IS never astonishing to women when
some man rises in the pulpit or on the
platform and denounces the use of rouge.

Just what crime there is in a pair of pink
cheeks any more than in a chalked nose,
white teeth or blue eyes it is hard to discover.

But, apparently, men have always been
afflicted with the "pink-eye."

Pink is to a man what scarlet is to a bull.
It makes him wild!

It is the insignia of all the feminine vices
and frailties.

The naughty little girl in the Sunday
School story always wears a pink silk party
frock, while the good little heroine always
wears white muslin and a blue sash. No
child could be good in pink!

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The adventuress in the sex-novel always does her vamping or her murdering in a pink satin boudoir or a rose-colored drawing room.

She would be lost without them!

You never heard of a man being "lured to destruction" in a Nile-green boudoir! Or a blue-and-white Dutch kitchen!

The actress who tried to vamp the hero in a burnt-orange tea-gown or a lilac-colored peignoir would lose him at sight.

But give her a few pink satin sofa cushions to throw around, a pink-shaded floor-lamp and a bunch of pink roses on the piano—and she doesn't even need to speak a line. You *know* she's wicked—and fascinating!

Pink cheeks, even when painted by the hand of Nature, always make a man suspicious.

He will turn around to stare after a girl with a pink chin and butter-colored hair, so intently, that his wife will almost suspect that it is not altogether with disgust and disapproval that he is doing it.

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Pink notes, preferably scented, were Thackeray's favorite little device for starting trouble. No one can receive one, even today, without being a little bit fluttered.

A pink satin slipper is all that a short-story writer needs with which to start a wicked train of thought.

Pink lights in a restaurant always look nice and sinful, somehow.

Perhaps that is why pink is always a little girl's favorite color.

She sees no temptation to pose as a saint when it is so easy to wear pink—and look like a sinner.

Apparently, in masculine eyes, the Pink Peril is far more dangerous and insidious than a Crimson Crime or a Black Disaster.

Some unfortunate men may have been born on Blue Monday and some on Black Friday—but all the wicked and lovely and dangerous women *must* have been born on a Pink Tuesday!

And, no doubt, most of them died trying to reconcile a man's red-flannel conscience

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with a woman's pink "crêpe de chine soul"!

' 'NEXT WEEK' '

THE greatest moment in a man's life is "Next Week."

Next week! The tremendous, vital, epoch-making moment, when he is going to "do something," "start something," "give up" something, or stop doing something.

When he is going to "lay off smoking, once and forever!"

When he is going to take up his work at the gym, "no matter *what* interferes."

When he is going to walk to the office every day, and get the bracing morning air, if it kills him!

When he is going right in and see the head of the firm and get "that little raise"—or quit!

When he is going to get up at seven o'clock, take a stimulating cold plunge and do his "daily dozen" if it wakes up the whole house.

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When he is going to get his desk “picked up”—and keep it that way!

When he is going to cut his lunches down—or out (yes, *out!*) if necessary—and take off those few superfluous pounds.

When he is going to read a “good, worthwhile book” each week.

When he is going to write to his Mother.

When he is going to bank a minimum amount of his salary—“yes, by Heaven!—every Monday morning, no matter what happens!”

When he is going—to—the——dentist’s!

O halcyon “next week,” for whose bright coming every wife lives hopefully on from day to day—from year to year!

O perfect “next week,” when every man is going to begin doing all those things which he *should* do, and to stop doing all those things which he should *not* do!

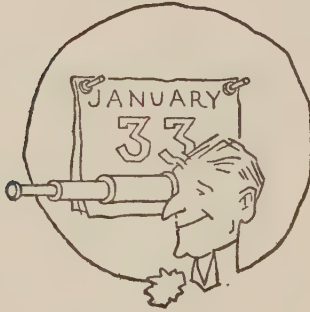
O glorious “next week”—the rainbow’s end, at which we shall find a pot of golden masculine virtues!

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O magic, radiant “next week”—when every man will be his own ideal and every wife will be wedded to a Paragon!

When snow will fall on the desert and the North Pole will be scorched by fire; when the stars will kiss the earth and roses will bloom in the sky!

O fabulous, mythical “next week”—every man’s Millennium and every woman’s Utopia!



THE ETERNAL QUESTION— WHY WE MARRY

Love is the human urge to *share* things with somebody—your hopes, your dreams, your jokes, your thrills, your work, your sunsets, your pleasures, your enthusiasms and your successes.



THE ETERNAL QUESTION— WHY WE MARRY

LOVE is the human urge to *share* things with somebody.

I don't mean to share your pay envelope, your military brushes, the shoe-rack and the bath-towels. Or even your bills, your morning headaches, and your grievances.

Love is the longing for somebody to share your hopes, your dreams, your jokes, your thrills, your sunsets, your enthusiasms, and your successes.

Somebody to whom you have an impulse to run and *tell* things!

Somebody to whom you enjoy talking about yourself; somebody to help you idealize yourself, to help you feel pleased with yourself.

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Somebody to whom you can describe the clever trick you pulled off, outline the brilliant article you are going to write, repeat the scintillating remark you made, tell the good joke you thought of.

Somebody to play *cheer-leader*!

Even a cynic needs somebody to help him enjoy his cynicism.

Half the flavor of a perfect dinner is lost if there is nobody opposite you to help you enthuse over it. All the joy and thrill of a new Easter hat is as nothing if there is nobody to tell you how lovely you look in it.

There isn't much excitement in making a new discovery about life, working out a new philosophy, or putting salt on the tail of a new idea, unless there is somebody around to say "Bravo, bravo!"

There isn't much triumph in winning a game, a fight, or a big job, unless you feel that somebody has his or her eye on you, and can thrill with you and for you at the Big Moment.

The beauty of a picture, a poem or a sun-



Some one to thrill with you—

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

set is more painful than inspiring, if you have to look at it alone.

The kings discovered, away back in the Middle Ages, that by pinning a lady's "favor" on the arm of a knight, they increased his fighting power ninety per cent. He thought that he was fighting for his country, his king or his principles—but he was fighting for One Woman's admiration and applause.

We *must* have somebody to help us keep up our illusions about ourselves—somebody to "go over the top" with us, applaud us, have faith in us, and hold us up to our own ideals! Love is the longing for a permanent cheer-leader!

And that is why we marry—and, sometimes, alas, why we divorce! For the bitterest shock in life is to marry for a cheer-leader and get a silencer, an extinguisher, or a wet blanket.

We can get nearly everything else in the world, outside of marriage—food, clothes, money, success, amusement and even kisses.

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But appreciation, understanding and a *permanent audience* we must have.

Life, without it, is like playing to an empty house!

THE AMERICAN AS A LOVER

ALL discussion as to whether the Englishman or the American makes the more brilliant lover is very amusing.

One might as well ask whether the Russian Battle Hymn or Auld Lang Syne makes the better fox-trot.

As husbands, the two may differ as the lily and the rose; but as lovers, the Englishman and the American differ only as the cauliflower and the cabbage.

It is a matter of taste, which type you prefer.

Both the cabbage and the cauliflower are heavy but substantial food; and both Englishmen and American men are heavy types of lovers.

When an Englishman falls in love and ac-

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

tually finds it out, himself, he considers that the matter is all settled. There is nothing more to do but run out and tell the girl the glad news and decide on the favors for the ushers.

The American man *may* stop, for a moment, to wonder just how far the girl has followed suit, and if he will have to go through the motions of courtship in order to "win her."

The American man counts the petals of a daisy in order to discover whether or not the girl really loves him.

The Englishman counts them in order to discover whether or not He really loves the girl.

The American starts out, with his fingers crossed, to pursue the girl.

The Englishman sits back and angles for the girl to pursue him.

The Englishman in love often bursts into verse, says tender nothings in bad French, and quotes Browning and Swinburne.

The American in love "says it with gaso-

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line," with theatre tickets, with bon-bons and burnt offerings—and quotes the bill-of-fare.

In a sentimental moment, an Englishman will go out into the country, gather a bunch of wild flowers, and bring them to a woman with his own hands.

In a sentimental moment, the American man will go down and pawn his watch and send her orchids or American beauties.

Both the Englishman and the American are shy—but in different ways.

An Englishman will suddenly and without warning say the tenderest and most desperate things—and the next moment be afraid to touch your hand.

The American will suddenly clasp your hands—and then find the words sticking in his throat until he is red in the face.

Both the Englishman and the American are sincere lovers.

When either of them says "I love you," he means it—at least while he is saying it.

If you don't believe that, just try to

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make one of them say it against his will!

Whereas the Latin begins every fresh paragraph with "*Je t'adore!*"

Both Englishmen and American men are nice, clean, reliable lovers.

But most of their love-making is in the imagination—the woman's imagination.

If their love were not infinitely more wonderful and beautiful than their wooing, no woman could consider them as "lovers."

THE AMERICAN AS A HUSBAND

I AM tired of hearing the American women glorified by every polite foreigner who touches our shores.

Of course we are the most beautiful, the smartest, the snappiest, the most charming, interesting, fascinating women in the world. We admit it!

But what's the matter with our *men*? Why are they passed over as not worth mentioning?

We will enter a picked lot of our men in

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a "Best-Husband Contest" anywhere in the world—and bring back the silver loving cup!

Nowhere else on earth will you find a husband who hands over his pay envelope to his wife, asks her permission to go out evenings, pushes the baby carriage on his day off, creeps up the stairs with his shoes in his hand when he comes in late, keeps his bank account and his religion in his wife's name, and treats her like a pal and an equal.

He may not have the high polish or the varnish of a French diplomat, but, deep down in his soul, there is a true courtesy which shines far brighter than a glacé finish.

And he does not keep it merely for evening wear, nor for the woman he happens to be trying to impress. It is his innate, instinctive chivalry for *all* women, plain or pretty, old or young, good or bad; and it comes in mighty handy, for the women, on a sinking ship.

Perhaps he does not shine at a tea-party and cannot pass a cup of tea or a pretty compliment with the skill and grace of a Euro-

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pean, but he doesn't expect his mother and his sisters to find his shoes, run his errands, pack his bags and worship him as an overlord.

He may not make love with the fervor and dash and passion of a Latin (I'll say he doesn't!). But when you have choked it out of him, and he *says* he loves you, you know he *means* it—and won't say it to another girl that same afternoon.

He may not have all the accomplishments of the Continental. He may not speak seven languages and talk like a poet. But he'll lunch on a doughnut-and-coffee for a week in order to "say it with flowers and theatre tickets" on Saturday night. And that's a lot more convincing!

He may not give a woman as much flattery as she craves. But he will give her anything else on earth she wants, from a vote in the family to a Paris divorce. His middle name is "*unselfishness.*"

He is the greatest institution of this country. And, believe me, there is no other coun-

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try in the world which produces such shoes, such rocking chairs, such bathtubs, such green corn, such watermelon and such Ideal Husbands!

It's a Woman's World, a Woman's Age and a Woman's Country we're living in, but here are a few bouquets for the gentlemen!

THE PERFECT LOVER

“No man can fall in love after thirty-five,” declared America's most popular Professional Cynic.

If this be true, they are all certainly wonderful actors! For, in these days, if you want to find a man who knows how to make love, you will have to look for one over thirty.

The younger generation have learned all they know of love-making at petting parties, which is like learning table-manners at a cafeteria or learning classical dancing at a cake-walk.

As a matter of fact, the most delightful

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lovers in the world are men between thirty and fifty. Before thirty they are apt to be blobby and inarticulate—and after fifty they become cynical, blasé and sentimentally fly-blown.

In his twenties, a man is so filled with self-love that all a girl gets from him is what spills over. All he wants of a woman is somebody to help him love himself. After fifty, he is usually wedded to his business, his golf, his money or his habits—and any woman in his life is merely a co-respondent.

“But, in between, ah me!” From thirty to forty-nine, a man’s heart is ripe and mellow, his egotism has been reduced by a few hard knocks, his emotions and sentiments have blossomed and sweetened, and are not yet beginning to wither or decay—and then, if ever, he is ripe for love, and potentially Somebody’s Prince Charming.

In the twenties, a man does not “fall in love”; he merely tumbles into it or splashes into it, and flounders about like a puppy that has fallen overboard. He loses his head, but

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seldom his heart—and never his vanity. His love is merely an instinctive elemental appetite, like his craving for French pastry. He is in love with life, with adventure, with the world, with himself—and he mistakes all this for love of a woman.

After fifty, he may love, but he neither falls, dives, nor plunges into a love-affair. He is too afraid of getting his feet wet. He may lose his balance—but he seldom loses his head or his sense of self-preservation.

But between thirty and fifty, a man falls in love naturally, easily and gracefully. When he feels it coming over him, he lets go and swims out! He knows why and where he is going, and he is not *afraid!*

He has “learned about women”—but they are not yet an “old story.”

His head is steady—but his heart has not yet run down.

He has all his ideals—and none of youth’s foolish illusions.

Then, if ever, he is the Perfect Lover!

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MARRYING MOODS

SOMETIMES I feel sorry for men.

They go through life in such a cold fear of the love-germ and the marriage-microbe that they sprinkle the path of romance with ashes instead of with roses.

Some men are born for marriage; some acquire a taste for marriage; but every mortal one of them lives in the consuming fear that marriage will be thrust upon him, that love will strike him in the dark and that he will stumble into the matrimonial bonds when he isn't looking—as an absent-minded man stumbles into a coal hole.

And that's the way it usually happens.

But if a man only understood himself he would know that there are certain times and certain moods when he is immune to marriage—when a bachelor is as safe and sane and free from danger as—well, as a married man.

For instance, no man need be afraid of

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falling in love when he is wrapped up in his work, absorbed in his ambition, filled with his business schemes.

The man who is joyously busy from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. hasn't an emotion or a thought left for any woman.

No man need tremble at the thought of marrying when he is particularly happy and contented, when his digestion is working, when his business is going right and when his friends are plentiful.

He doesn't need anybody, then, to help him pity himself.

No man need worry for fear he may fall in love with any one woman when he is already half in love with several.

No man need fear that he will take the fatal step so long as he is perfectly comfortable—so long as he has a home, and a mother or a valet to feed him and coddle him.

He doesn't need anybody to help him love himself.

These are his safe and sane moods.

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But, by this same token, let him watch his step when he is lonely!

When he is suffering from a bitter disappointment and is feeling abused.

When he has just broken off a little heart-affair and is feeling bored and distrait and disillusioned.

When he is ill and weak and has no fight left in him.

When time hangs heavy on his hands and his friends and amusements have begun to bore him.

When somebody has dealt him a blow in his vanity.

Then, ah then, is he steering straight for the cliffs—and no amount of shouting can stop him.

For these are the marrying moods! And not all the advice, and all the philosophy, and all the determination in the world can prevent him from snatching at the first little bit of feminine fluff that catches his eye—and tying himself for life!

And then he blames heaven and women be-

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cause "marriage is a failure"—nothing but a "consolation prize"!

TAMING A WIFE

ONE of Life's Great Mysteries is why men select the sort of wives they do. So many men who are artists as lovers prove themselves mere tyros and helpless amateurs when it comes to choosing a wife.

Sometimes it looks as though the average man starts out with the deliberate determination to wreck his life—just for the excitement of it.

His optimism is sublime!

No matter what type of woman he may elect to marry, he never has the slightest doubt of his divine ability to "make her over" into something totally different; to improve on the Lord's handiwork.

The "Big Idea" appears to be, to pick out something contrary to his ideal—something wild, peppy and unmanageable—and then *tame* her!

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“Taming a wife” has been the most popular indoor sport, ever since the first caveman started it with his little stone hatchet.

Every man, in his own secret opinion, is a Petruchio; and every woman a Katharine, just waiting to be tamed.

He will not hesitate to marry a spoiled and flattered Venus of the chorus and to try to transform her into a little purring, adoring Alice-sit-by-the-fire.

Or to wed a temperamental lady-novelist, expecting to teach her to concentrate her whole intellect on cooking his bacon for breakfast.

The bachelor of forty, who has been through the battle and smoke of many love-affairs, and is yearning to settle down to a peaceful domestic existence, will blithely marry a “Follies girl”—and then rail at fate because he cannot “break her in” to a dull suburban life and make her the leader of the Ladies’ Aid Society.

The poor young clerk, who is dreaming of a two-by-four love-nest in a kitchenette

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apartment, will overlook the faithful, practical little stenographer at the next desk, and grasp at the spendthrift, light-winged butterfly, whose soul is half chiffon and half gasoline—and then spend his days cursing his luck, because she squanders a whole month's rent money on a pair of shoe-buckles.

To select exactly the kind of wife who would match his tastes and his income, sympathize with his ideals and ambitions, fit into his life and his home, and make him perfectly happy just as she is, would be too easy, too simple, too unexciting for any man.

With the whole world to choose from—and the right girl nearly always “just around the corner”—he will deliberately make a twenty-mile detour in search of his own misery.

That is why many a potentially fine wife continues to be an “unplucked flower,” while Peggy Hopkins and Ganna Walska go right on marrying—and marrying.

Even the fact that a woman doesn't love a

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man, never fazes him—he can always “*make her.*”

Whether it’s a job, a game, a horse, or a woman, what every man seems to be looking for is something difficult, or out of his class—something to conquer, to master, or to *tame.*

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN LOVE A MAN

WHAT makes a woman love a man?

Most men appear to think that just being a *man* is a fatal fascination, in itself—like being a blonde or a rich widow or a prize Pekingese or a new baby.

Alas! Nobody can tell what makes a woman love a man—not even the woman, herself.

No woman loves a man just because he is good or handsome or successful—or even because he is in love with her.

She will cling to a villain who beats her—and scorn a devoted man who would cheerfully slave for her.

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She does not love a man because he is brilliant or wise or capable—nor because he is foolish and weak and stupid. She loves him “just because!”

One woman loves a tyrannical, pompous, self-assertive egotist, “because he is so strong and wonderful to lean upon.”

And another woman loves a worthless weakling because he “needs her” and lets her mother him and coddle him and slave for him and feed him cough-syrup with a spoon.

One woman falls for a man’s straight profile, no matter how crooked his morals or his character—and another passes up an adoring Adonis in order to marry a shrimp, who takes her for granted and treats her like the proverbial ham sandwich at a banquet.

Devotion is the trump card to play, with some women—flattery, solicitude and all those tender thoughtful little ways that remind you of a professional movie-sheik. And with others, nothing is effective except

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cold indifference and the "treat 'em rough" method. They *want* a man to make them suffer.

Money and generosity will make any man look just like Prince Charming to one sort of girl. And to another sort of girl, there is something positively irresistible about a poor young bohemian who borrows her cigarettes and lets her pay for his dinners.

When it comes to falling in love, there is no accounting for tastes. And, by that same token, there is no telling why or when a woman will fall *out* of love with a man and "lose her taste for him."

A man may neglect a woman, lie to her, starve her or beat her and she may go right on loving him—and then, some morning, she may wake up and discover that the way he wrinkles his nose or bites a radish is more than she can bear and has killed her love forever!

Woman's love is a combination of maternal tenderness, childlike inconsistency,

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sublime unselfishness, tigerish jealousy and sweet caprice—and who can analyze a mixture like that?

IF HE COULD ADVERTISE

WANTED—By the Tired Business Man, somebody to do his sentimental thinking for him.

Somebody to remind him to telephone his wife every day, just as he did before they were married.

Somebody to invent a perfectly holeproof excuse for him when his golf prevents him from getting home for dinner.

Somebody to send his wife flowers, at just the psychological moment, and with just the right sort of tender message on the card enclosed.

Somebody to catalogue her—and remember the color of her eyes, the shade of her hair, the size of her gloves and stockings, her birthday and the date of their wedding anniversary, her favorite blossoms, her

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taste in bon-bons, and the dress she wore when he first met her.

Somebody to plan sweet, thrilling, little surprises for her every now and then.

Somebody to send her daily telegrams when he's "out of town" those "Dearest-girl-miss-you-awfully-thinking-of-you-every-minute-wish-you-were-here" things that wives seem to expect.

Somebody to fill his pockets with tenderly inscribed postcards and long, interesting, sentimental letters; stamped, addressed, dated and all ready to mail, before he takes the train for a business trip.

Somebody to select nice, "thoughtful-looking" Christmas presents for her, instead of the usual "insults" or the cold, meaningless checks.

Somebody to invent fancy, pet names and to think up new compliments and sweet, flattering things for him to say to her occasionally.

Somebody to keep him supplied with nice, fresh, convincing alibis!

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Somebody to keep her happy—and *quiet!*

Somebody to feed, feed, feed the hungry and insatiable heart and vanity of a woman—and take the strain off his mind!

What an opening for a brand new profession!

What a chance to make a fortune—for any young woman with a brilliant imagination, a good business head and an understanding of her own sex!

How many “misunderstood wives” would be saved from the pangs of jealousy, suspicion and that “neglected” feeling!

How many husbands would be spared from nagging and cross-questioning!

How many tame cats and lounge lizards would be out of a job!

How many homes would be saved from wreckage!

Wanted—oh, *wanted*—a “Sentimental Substitute” for the Tired Business Man—to make the world safe for *matrimony!*

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IF SHE COULD ADVERTISE

WANTED—A Substitute Wife—for my Husband.

Somebody to greet him with a glad, bright smile and a bark of joy when I am kept late at the office, or have a club-committee meeting.

Somebody to tell him how tired he looks, fetch his slippers, find his dressing-gown and rub eau-de-cologne on his forehead, so that I may have time to brush my hair, cream my face, and get my beauty sleep.

Somebody to laugh at his jokes and listen sympathetically while he tells of his latest troubles with the office help, when I have a headache.

Somebody to go to girl shows and cabarets with him, while I go to see a good play or stay at home and read a good novel.

Somebody to put his favorite records on the phonograph, brighten up the house and wear the frilly sort of clothes he secretly ad-

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mires—backless evening gowns and freezing lace hose—while I get into a woolly dressing-gown and old soft slippers and curl up before the fire.

Somebody to wait up for him when he stays out late, listen to his “explanations” and pretend to believe them, while I get a full night’s sleep.

Somebody to remind him to write to his Mother.

Somebody to get splinters out of his fingers, tell him when to take his tonic, and listen raptly when he talks about his golf.

Somebody to watch him at a dinner party and see that he doesn’t eat anything that disagrees with him—while I make myself interesting to the man next to me.

Somebody to tell him how wonderful he is and coax him back into a good humor, after he and I have had a spat.

Somebody to coddle him, worry about him, amuse him, jolly him, scold him, restrain him and stimulate him.

Somebody to do all those things, which I

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ought to do, *want* to do, and never find time to do! Everything—except *love* him!

Must be gentle, kind, patient, steady, dull—and not too beautiful. Wanted—oh, *wanted*—A Substitute Wife for my Neglected Husband.

[(Signed) Every Tired Business Woman.]

THAT MARRIAGE-TIE

“MARRIAGE is a failure!” says the Modernist.

Marriage, as a social institution, is losing out, he declares.

In the union of the future, the only ties that will bind will be the ties of the heart, the conscience and the spirit.

Those are the real ties.

Well—perhaps!

But there is a world of weight and significance in the wedding-certificate—that little piece of cream-colored parchment with the fancy gold lettering, which we sign so tremblingly, and then tuck away in the top of the cedar closet—but never quite forget!

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There is an ocean of meaning in that assurance of permanency—that “till death us do part” feeling, that “forever and forever” idea.

Of course modern marriages don’t last forever; but at least you enter them believing that they will.

What vital interest are two people going to take in making and building—and owning a home, if they know at the start that they are only “leased” to each other?

What joy will a man have in giving up good cigars, or a girl feel in making over her old hats in order to pay off the installments on the furniture, if either of them can pack his grip and walk out of the house, next week, or next day, or the next minute?

What comfort will a woman find in embroidering J. B. G.’s initials all over the dinner napkins and guest-towels, if there is a chance that she may have to rip them out a season or so later and replace them with H. P. C.’s monogram?

Where will be the incentive to do without

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matinees and bon-bons and opera tickets, in order to buy solid silver spoons—if there is a chance that the “marriage” may not out-last triple-plate?

Why bother to get accustomed to all a man’s little pet habits, or to learn to cook a steak in his favorite way—if there is a possibility that you may have to adjust yourself to another set of idiosyncrasies and learn to make a lamb-stew a few years hence?

Why trouble to study a woman’s moods and tenses, and to adjust yourself to her ways and temperament—if you are likely to be re-adjusting yourself to another set of nerves some day?

Why try to understand Milton and Spencer and Freud to please Highbrow Harold, when you may have to learn to like the comic strips and the Follies, in order to please some future Lowbrow Larry?

No, no, *no!* After all, it is that “till-death-us-do-part” feeling which gives us the sublime courage to face all the sacrifices that living with another human being demands!

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The little marriage certificate may give you that "tied feeling."

But it also gives you that "settled feeling," that helps and inspires you to "*carry on.*"

Marriage is a failure?

Well—maybe it is.

But, now as ever, "better a glorious failure" than an indifferent success!



THE PLASTIC ART—MAKING A HUSBAND OUT OF A MAN

Making a husband out of a bachelor is not a sinecure; it is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization.



THE PLASTIC ART—MAKING A HUSBAND OUT OF A MAN

EVERY WOMAN'S JOB

SOMETIMES it seems as though woman's Big Job, in this world, is to "jack up" man's ideals, brace up his standards and keep his ambitions from sagging.

Ever since Eve put the "finishing touches" on Adam—taught him to wear clothes and to gnaw his bones more daintily and told him he must set a good example for the children—woman has been trying to refine man and awaken his higher nature.

Every normal woman demands romance; and it is her demand that has transformed love from a mere elemental impulse into something rarefied, spiritual, fine and beau-

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tiful. It is her passionate yearning for beauty that has opened man's eyes to the necessity for beautiful things—and kept him hustling to get them for her.

Even now, man is inclined to slide back into his cute little aboriginal ways. And most of a woman's life is spent in keeping his clothes pressed, his morals vacuumed and his manners polished.

The average man would secretly like to keep his culture as well as his religion in his wife's name. Also, his heavy reading, his musical tastes, his social obligations and his moral responsibilities.

Ask him what he thinks of Emerson and he will probably tell you that he doesn't wear that kind of a shoe. But ask him something about baseball, golf or where to get the best muttonchops, and the light of understanding will dawn in his eye.

He can quote the stock-market reports, and tell you what the favorite boxing champion eats for breakfast—but he doesn't know a fugue from a fuschia, and the amount of

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poetry he has read, if laid end to end, would make about two good nursery rhymes.

The Tired Business Man would never see more of the drama than a vaudeville show or a revue, if his wife didn't drag him to a good play occasionally, and he takes a good concert like a dose of quinine, and an instructive lecture like a whipping.

When a man accomplishes anything unusual in this life, it is nine times out of ten either because some woman inspired him to it—or because some woman nagged him to it.

When he does anything picturesque or beautiful or wonderful, it is either to please some woman, to astonish some woman or to win some woman.

It is woman's ambition for "her man"—and man's love for "his woman"—that makes the world go round and keeps it swinging among the stars.

"Jacking up" a man's ideals, peppering up his ambition, bracing up his aspirations, fortifying his purpose—hanging onto

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Heaven with one hand and onto a man with the other—that is every woman's *job*, today, yesterday and forever!

TRAINING A HUSBAND

MAKING an indifferent husband out of a devoted lover seems to be woman's *metier*, and her chief occupation in this life.

It is *so* easy! Because the heart of a loving woman is the tenderest spot on earth—and “spoiling” a perfectly good man is her ruling passion. Petting him is so much more delightful than chastening him.

But, when the Lord gives you the “makings” of a good husband, it is up to you to turn out the perfect finished product, at any cost. And the only way to make a good husband out of a mere man is to keep him busy, busy, *busy*!

Keep him so busy striving to live up to your ideals that he will have no time to wonder whether or not you are his “ideal.”

Keep him so busy wondering what you

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will do next that he will never stop to wonder what he is going to do next, to amuse himself.

Keep him so busy endeavoring to be "good enough" for you that he will never have an idle moment in which to consider whether or not you are "good enough" for him.

Keep him so busy trying to discover how much you love him that he will never be inclined to stop and wonder whether or not he still loves you.

Keep him so busy working for the money to satisfy your ambitions or pay for your frills that he won't take time to wonder how you are spending it.

Keep him so busy admiring your latest culinary feat, your newest perfume, your latest accomplishment, your newest hat or frock, that he will never find himself sighing for a "change."

Keep him so busy struggling to keep pace with your mental attainments and intellectual pursuits that he'll have no time left to look for "inspiration" elsewhere.

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Keep him so busy trying to be a good and faithful slave to you that it will never occur to him to pose as a Sultan.

Keep your house so filled with rose-colored lights, sunshine, gayety and beauty that nothing but a funeral would prove any variety to him.

All this will be much harder on you than on him; it will hurt you much more than it does him. But, when you feel your heart beginning to soften and your will beginning to weaken, just remember, as Father used to say, that it is "for his own good!"

It will be an awful sacrifice for you, not to be able to coddle him, worship him, mother him, baby him—to make his life one long path of roses and pick off all the thorns for him.

But *sacrifice* yourself! Sacrifice is a woman's mission!

SAFEGUARDING A HUSBAND

THE supreme struggle of a woman's life

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used to be getting a husband—but now, it's holding onto one, after she's got him.

The bachelor has lost his "place in the sun," and no man seems to be popular with the girls, these days, until one woman has set her seal of approval upon him by marrying him.

It is not true that all the nice men are married; but any man is so much nicer, after he has had his egotism extracted and become woman-trained!

A married man used to pretend to be a bachelor when he was out for a lark; but, nowadays, a bachelor finds it adds to his attractions to pretend to be "a married man out for a lark."

Making a husband out of a bachelor is a labor of skill, love, art and time; and after you've finished, it's rather disconcerting to have some sweet young thing come along and expect you to toss pennies for the exclusive rights to him.

There seems to be no way of "hog-tying" a husband after you have lassoed him.

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Labeling him, marking him "sold," putting him on a leash or making him wear a wedding-ring is not the slightest use. That only makes him more tempting, like the "Do not handle" sign on the things in the shops.

The world is full of heart-pirates, love-poachers, and sentimental highwaywomen, who have no regard for your property rights.

Hot waffles and home-made pies used to be guaranteed to hold a husband; but, nowadays, flour-and-water paste seems to have no chance against apple-sauce, lip rouge, and soft soap.

If an attractive married man escapes becoming entangled in a lot of foolish flirtations, it is purely because of his own strong will-power and self-restraint.

There are many times when a woman would gladly drop her husband, if she did not feel morally certain that some other woman would come right along and pick him up.

A husband is like a hat. Whether he is exactly what you want or not, it is an insult to have anybody come along and snatch him away from you.

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It is all very well to be broadminded and generous—but a toothbrush, a table napkin, and a husband are things that no woman wants to share with any other woman!

HOW TO SPOIL A HUSBAND

THE surest and quickest way to make a failure of a man is to marry him to a successful woman.

Nothing so effectively dims the light of a man's ambition as to marry a woman who is already in the limelight of popularity.

Nothing so weakens the backbone and takes all the pep and efficiency out of a man as being married to a capable and efficient woman.

When a successful lady lawyer, writer or stage celebrity marries a fairly nice man, somehow he is so dazzled that he just goes around in circles from then on, and never gets anywhere.

If the same man had a little clinging vine to support, and two babies crying for shoes and things, he'd be out hustling,

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striving, and making a success of himself.

It is not that successful women are any harder or any easier to get along with than any other kind, and it is not that the men they marry are any worse or any better than other men.

It is just that every man needs an *incentive* to keep him struggling and grinding and digging away at a career or a life-work, a profession or a business.

And there is no incentive to a man's ambitions like a helpless, self-indulgent, spoiled and pampered woman on his hands. There is no call to arms so effective and so inspiring as the cry of the wolf at the door and the wail of a woman with the "gimmies."

Every man is born a "playboy," and the successful men are those to whom life is one long fascinating game, with a Big Prize or a Big Purse waiting for the winner.

It sort of takes the heart out of a man to know that he can never be anything more than "the Famous Mrs. Fair's Husband," no matter what he may do.

The cruelest thing that a celebrated

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woman can do to a man is to marry him—and thereby rob him of all his hope of glory and all his burden of responsibility. It is like taking the bunch of hay from in front of a mule and throwing away the whip.

You can't beat Nature. And, apparently, woman was intended to be only man's rib—and not all of his vertebræ. Man must be the "Big Injun" in the game or he just "won't play."

And many a woman who is wearing the laurels would rather be pinning them on "Her Man." Ask any famous woman you know if she wouldn't rather be just "somebody's wife" and watch her blush!

WHY REMODEL YOUR HUSBAND?

A MAN is always willing to "admit" his weaknesses—in fact, to brag about them! Somehow, he seems to take the same joy and pride in displaying a "weakness" as a nine-year-old boy takes in showing you a sore toe or a mashed thumb.

The average man regards a few pet weak-

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nesses as a sign of "manliness," just as a black eye may indicate "fighting blood" or a broken arm "good sportsmanship."

A man's weaknesses run all the way from "women and wine" to red ties and checkered suits; from poker and prize fights to comic pages and radios; from cigarettes and dancing to cough drops and aspirin; from flappers to griddle cakes!

And nearly every woman goes into marriage with the secret conviction that she can cure or curb a man's weaknesses!

That is *woman's* great weakness!

A "mission" in life—that's what every woman wants! And almost any average man can supply enough "weaknesses" to gladden the heart of the feminine crusader and to keep her busy from the wedding day to the grave.

But, alas, this is the supreme example of the triumph of optimism over common sense!

The only way to stop a baby from sucking his finger is to tie up the finger or put

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quinine on it. And the only way to cure a man of his pet foibles is to lock him up or put arsenic in his coffee.

When a child misbehaves and then fibs about it, he may be stood in the corner and have his new sailboat taken away from him. But when a grown man trips out of the strait and narrow path and then fibs about it, all a wife can do is to give him plenty of rope and pray that he'll get so tangled up in it that he'll come around begging her to put him on a four-foot leash.

When a small boy comes home with a tummy-ache from eating stolen green apples, you can give him some bitter medicine that he will never forget. But when a husband comes home with an unsteady step and gets up next morning with a grouch and a headache, about all a woman can do is to hand him the bromide and some good advice and leave him *alone*.

If all the effort and energy that women have wasted in trying to cure man of his weaknesses were put together, the result would be an earthquake.

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A man will cling to his pet folly as tenaciously as he clings to his hat or his last tooth! He may change his politics, give up his work and fight with his family—but nothing but feebleness or death can separate him from his beloved weaknesses!

And even if a woman *could* cure a man of all his little faults and habits, what in the world would be left of him?

HOW TO FLATTER A MAN

NEVER try to flatter a man. Just act perfectly natural, and he will flatter himself!

Indeed, it is almost impossible *not* to flatter him!

He is flattered if you love him for his virtues—and equally flattered if you love him in spite of his faults.

He is flattered if you trust him—and more flattered if you are afraid of him.

He is flattered if you call him good and noble and honorable—and thrilled with vanity if you call him a “dangerous devil.”

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He is frankly flattered if you say you like to dance with him—and secretly flattered if you prefer to “sit out” his dances and “talk to him.”

He is flattered if you tell him that his eyes are nice and honest—and also if you tell him that they are guileful and wicked.

He is flattered if you praise his kindness—and more flattered if you reproach him for his “cruelty.”

He is pleased if Nature gave him naturally curly hair—and thanks Heaven if she didn’t!

He is flattered if you compare him to Napoleon or General Pershing—and equally pleased if you compare him to Jack Dempsey, Al Jolson, or the blond in the collar advertisements.

He is delighted if you tell him he looks well in evening clothes—and equally flattered if you tell him that he is “not the evening clothes type.”

Oh yes, he is *always* flattered!

If you telephone him, you are running af-

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ter him—and if you never telephone him, you are trying to “make him run after you.”

If you marry him, he never doubts that it was “for love”—and if you marry somebody else, it was “probably for consolation.”

He is flattered if you kiss him—and flattered if you quarrel with him.

He can swallow your flattery no matter how you dilute it with sarcasm—and he can swallow it straight without blinking!

You can reproach him for a fault so often that he will begin to think of it as a distinctive little personal characteristic. He would even regard a broken nose or a gold tooth as “distinctive”—because they were *his*!

He is always *so* pleased with himself!

A woman is forever asking a man if he likes the way she looks, if he admires her as much as ever, if he still loves her.

But a man never bothers a woman with any such foolish questions.

He knows, *he* knows, *he* knows!

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WHY LOVE DIES OF SUFFOCATION

WHEN love dies of starvation, it is usually the man's fault; when it dies of suffocation, it is always the woman's.

On the day of her marriage the average woman elects herself a "Vigilance Committee" of one with full power of attorney; food censor, conscience, curfew, banker and jailer.

She is always under his heels—like a pet poodle.

When he starts for the office she calls him back three times for "anuzzer kiss"—and fresh instructions.

When he arrives at the office she has just telephoned to know if he is still alive.

When he appears to enjoy his food she trembles lest he die of indigestion; when he refuses food, she is convinced that he is a victim of anemia.

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When he falls into a doze after dinner, she insists on giving him a tonic; when he sneezes she rushes for the aspirin.

When he crosses the street she clings to his arm and glares at every motorcar as though it were a live enemy bent upon his destruction.

When he is ten minutes late for an appointment she pictures him mangled under a taxicab, and greets him with tears and reproaches.

When he spends an evening at his club she calls him up every half hour, to know if he is "thinking of her."

When he swears at the weather or his razor or his collar-button, she shudders for the future of his *soul*.

When he attempts to read his evening newspaper she playfully covers his eyes, insists on being kissed, and wants to know if he "still loves her."

She takes away his "horrid, naughty pipe," and counts the number of cigars he smokes.

She limits his drinks, and insists on pass-



She takes away his horrid, naughty pipe—

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ing decision on the height of his collars, the color of his cravats, the length of his top hair and the cut of his clothes.

And she calls this, "*love*"!

And, just at first, he calls it "thoughtfulness"; later, "foolishness," and last "nagging."

Verily, verily, more love has been stifled to death with solicitation and strangled with caresses than ever was frozen to death with neglect.

For, the primary secret of making a man happy consists in knowing when to *let him alone!*

PART-TIME WIVES

ENTER the "part-time wife"—the very latest, newest, and most up-to-date experiment in this land of the free and grave of the home!

We have always had part-time maids, part-time janitors, part-time teachers; yes, and part-time husbands.

Nearly every married man is a part-time

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husband: three-quarters office-machine—and one-quarter husband.

But the part-time wife is a novelty. She is the one who enjoys the delightful, care-free experience of holding down an office job all day, and coming home to feed and jolly and fortify a husband all evening.

She is the one who does her marketing on the way to work and staggers in dead-tired after a strenuous day, gives a casual glance at the dinner table, gives her husband a peck on the cheek, sleeks back her hair—and calls it “a day.”

Or perhaps she lives in a separate apartment and only sees her husband every other Tuesday, when there is nothing more important to do.

Whichever way she manages it, she is cheating, by attempting to do two whole-time jobs. Sometimes she is cheating herself, but most times she is cheating the man.

A home is not just four walls and a cook. It is something that lives and breathes and grows. It is the expression of a woman's personality.

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It seems awfully square and decent of a woman to want to hold down a job and hold onto a husband at the same time, but it is as cruel to take away a man's responsibilities and obligations as it is to take away a dog's teeth or a cat's claws.

The woman who takes away his responsibilities by lightening his financial burdens robs any man of his backbone—or at least gives him softening of the vertebrae.

Many a good man has gone to wreckage who would have made a fine citizen and an ideal husband if he had had a helpless wife, several small children and a mortgage on his shoulders.

Men are made that way—heaven knows why! Every man is a born “playboy” who must have a real inspiration and incentive, or downright necessity, to make him work, struggle and achieve.

Every man secretly envies the Indian chief, who sits around in front of the tepee and grunts and smokes and lets himself be waited on.

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And it takes an awfully strong, wise, brilliant, conscientious man to withstand the temptations, pitfalls and weakening effect of the part-time wife and the part-time marriage.

After all, the only "fifty-fifty marriage" is the old-fashioned kind that "Mother used to make," in which the man made the money, the woman made the home—and the Baby was the Czar!

Marriage is a whole-time job—with a lot of "overtime" thrown in!

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

WHEN you marry, remember——

That the primary secret of making a man happy consists in knowing when to *let him alone*.

That marriage is a large order; the price of love is a standard price; and there are no bargain-days for would-be profiteers in domestic happiness.

That a *busy* man is the best bet.

That a man's morals, charms and accom-

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plishments may be the things you fell in love with, but it's his disposition that you'll have to live with; and it's well to discover the exact location of his grouch beforehand.

That while the trip to the altar is for you like "climbing the golden stair," for him it is more like "walking the plank," blind-folded.

That it is not the woman he once loved—but those he has not *yet* loved—who will bother you.

That sometimes you are going to be hated like an alarm-clock, sometimes dodged like an accusing conscience and sometimes lifted to a pedestal and worshipped like a plaster saint—but never, *never* treated as a human being.

That marriage is a partnership—which doesn't mean that one half of the firm should work like a dog in order that the other half may live like a Pomeranian.

That, like the tail to a kite, you will be expected to follow flutteringly wherever your husband goes and, at the same time, to serve as ballast when he flies too high.

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That a husband's idea of "extreme cruelty" is to be served beefstew for dinner two days in succession.

That a man's love thrives far better on the stimulant of suspense than on the anaesthetic of memory.

That a husband is like religion; to give you any real comfort, he must be taken with blind faith.

That there is no question of degree in marriage. You can be a little bit tired or a little bit in love; but you can't be a little bit married or a little bit dead.

That, with care and re-modeling, one good husband *ought* to last you a life-time.



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Every man wants a woman to appeal to his higher nature—and a lot of others to appeal to the other ninety-nine per cent of him.



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“THE BOY” IN EVERY MAN

THE woman who marries a man ten years her junior “takes a boy to raise.”

Yea, verily. And so does the woman who marries a man fifteen years her senior!

There is a boy in every man, and the most successful wife is the one who knows best how to appeal to the headstrong, irresponsible juvenile lurking under her husband's dignified hat.

When a girl grows up she stops playing dolls and jacks and spinning tops, but a man goes right on playing games (in his heart and his imagination) until the last dose of medicine—and the last breath.

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Everything is a game to him—love, business, war, politics, his work.

That is why men stay young so much longer than women.

It is the boy in every man that makes him struggle into the bleachers at the baseball field, and sit all afternoon in the broiling sun, yelling like a wild Indian and throwing his hat into the air.

In imagination he is playing the game himself. He sees himself, the Boy-Hero, out there on the diamond, pitching those wonderful curves and making those marvelous home runs.

It is the boy in every man that makes him tell "fish stories," and lie about his golf score, and boast of his college feats.

It is the boy in every man that makes him hurry home from a meeting of the board of directors or of the cabinet—to read tales of adventure and detective stories.

It is the boy in every man that makes him long for a woman's shoulder to lay his head on, and hide his face on, when he is defeated or feels sorry for himself.

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And it is the woman who finds the boy in him and understands and sympathizes with that boy—it is that woman who makes him happiest.

It is the wife who lets him out to play boy-fashion, who does not crab his games, and who tries to join in the spirit of the thing—it is she whom he adores forever.

It is the wife who always lets him assume the role of “Big Chief” and “Hero” who can wind him round her little finger.

It is the wife who (figuratively) fastens the Indian feathers on his head, pins the medals on his chest, and then makes circles around him, crying: “Hola, hola, hola! See, the Conquering Hero comes!”—it is she who manages to wheedle everything she wants out of him.

It is the wife who blinks at his little weaknesses, lets him snatch things out of the refrigerator, never laughs at him and never sees anything funny or foolish in his boyishness, who chastises him only at rare intervals, and then severely—it she who rules him with a rod of iron!

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It is hard—awfully hard, to be a guardian to a human being, whom you permit to treat you like a moron. But that's being a wife!

No use treating a man like a full-grown human being.

Because he never is—not even at ninety!

Oh, wonderful, thrice-blessed, happy, irresponsible Man!

A thing of beauty—and a boy forever!

HIS BLESSED VANITY

“TAKING the vanity out of a man”—or out of a woman either—is as cruel and wanton as taking the wag out of a dog's tail.

It leaves them both so limp and purposeless.

Vanity is perhaps the cause of many of our sins and follies; but it is also the source of most of our virtues and achievements.

It is *vanity* that causes a man to shave his chin—and thereby makes his kisses endurable.

It is vanity that makes him resist the third

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helping and the second glass, for fear he may lose his waistline and his youthful charm—and thereby saves him from gluttony.

It is vanity that prompts him to cultivate the arts and graces so dear to a woman's heart, in the cold fear of being written down in her books as a "boor" or a "dub."

It is vanity that inspires him to keep the polish on his boots and his manners, and the creases in his trousers, so that he may appear "prosperous."

It is vanity that drives him on to hard work and to his greatest efforts and achievements, so that he may be a success in the eyes of the world and of the woman he loves.

Vanity may even make him scrupulous about keeping his word and paying his bills, so that he may not be called a "four-flusher."

It may be vanity that inspires him to be generous with his money, and to lavish it on his family and on his charities, lest he be termed a "cheap skate" or a "tightwad."

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It is vanity that causes him to cover his wife with jewels and sables for the admiration of the world.

Even his morality and uprightness may be inspired by vanity, in his anxiety to be known as "good and worthy."

Wasn't it the vanity of Napoleon that drove him on to conquest and victory?

And the vanity of Diogenes that caused him to be so frank and truthful?

And the vanity of Hercules that inspired him to feats of strength and courage?

Yea, verily. And the most cruel and foolish thing a woman can do is to shatter a man's vanity!

For this is the softest spot in his make-up—and without it she will never be able to lead him in the way he should go.

Through his vanity a man may be flattered into Heaven; whereas nagging, reasoning, and coercion will roll right off him like water off a gabled roof.

For a man's conscience may be lost or mislaid. It depends on his digestion, his

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mood or his view-point. It often sleeps on the job.

But his vanity takes no holidays; it works day and night without ceasing. It is self-starting.

'And so long as there is a spark of it left, there is hope for him!

Rob a man of his money, his friends, or his dearest wish—but leave him his sacred *self-esteem!*

And the world is his!

THE IRRESPONSIBLE SEX

A WOMAN wastes half her time and most of her beauty sleep, lying awake nights, wondering "what a man *means.*"

But, alas, a man never means anything! He is a creature of instinct—like any other member of the animal kingdom. He always follows his impulse, just as a kitten chases a shadow, or a dog follows a rabbit.

A man never does anything, intentionally

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and deliberately, from breaking your heart to marrying you.

If he sends you orchids, the morning after a dance, it is not because he has been dreaming of you all night—but just because he happened to pass the florist's, and it occurred to him that it would be the effective thing to do.

If he calls you up and says that he is dying to see you, it *may* be true—but it is much more likely to be because he had no engagement for the evening, and happened to remember your telephone number.

If he kisses you suddenly and rapturously, it may mean that he has fallen in love—or only that you happened to be near when he felt like kissing somebody.

If he vows eternal devotion tonight and forgets you tomorrow, it is not because he intended to deceive you, like the villain in the melodrama—but merely because, for the moment, he felt an emotion very like love and could think of nothing else to say.

If he is cruel or neglectful, it is not be-

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cause he means to be that way, but just because he happens to be thinking of something or somebody else, and you got in the way.

If he squanders a lot of money taking you about, it is not necessarily because he is in love with you, but just because he loves to squander money.

If he marries you, it is not because he *meant* to, dear heart, but because you got him so dizzy that he couldn't see where he was going until he found himself facing the altar, and couldn't back out.

In business or a poker game a man may act deliberately and with deep design—but in matters of love he is as irresponsible as a motorcar on a slippery hill.

The hardest task of any woman's life has always been to prove to a man that his intentions are serious!

As far as a woman is concerned, a man is purely a creature of impulse—and he never *means* anything!

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WHY MEN ARE "SPOILED"

NOTHING makes you so heartily approve of marriage as observing the effects of single blessedness on a typical bachelor.

And nothing makes you so enthusiastic about the single life as observing the deadly effects of marriage on a typical husband.

It may take nine tailors to make a man—but it takes only one woman to spoil him!

You know how it is! No matter what you do, it seems to "turn" him from whatever he is into something else.

If you don't love him, it makes him critical—and if you do, it makes him conceited.

If you don't marry him, he gets into the habit of having his own way about everything, and becomes as hardened and "set" as a permanent wave.

He indulges all his carnal appetites, fills his heart-valves with nicotine, cherishes all his grouches and makes a pet of his dyspepsia.

He puts his shoes on the piano three times

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in succession—and after that it becomes a sacred rite with him to put them there. He couldn't find them anywhere else.

He learns to like all his little bachelor discomforts and nothing can wean him from them.

He becomes just a collection of habits, completely surrounded by self-complacency—and self-defense.

And if you do marry him, he becomes perfectly helpless.

Can't pick up his clothes, wipe his own safety-razor, find his smoking things, or tie his evening tie.

Has to have his waffles buttered for him, his coffee sweetened, his grapefruit fixed and sugared, his bath at just the right temperature, his buttons watched, and the spots removed from his vest.

Loses the strength to lift anything around the house but his voice—and can't even remember to get up mornings until he has been called three times.

Expects his wife to do not only his mend-

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ing but also his worrying, boasting, and praying for him.

Oh, you can't avoid spoiling a man—because he intends to be “spoiled!”

He knows that he is Nature's Darling—and that life is going to be made sweet and easy and pleasant for him.

And if he can't get a woman to spoil him, he'll spoil *himself*!

So there!

WHY MEN STAY YOUNG

ONE reason why a man stays young so much longer than a woman is because a woman always insists on doing all his worrying for him.

Man was made to mourn—but woman always beats him to it.

To a man, all life is a fascinating, exciting *game*, and he can squeeze more joy out of one hour of it than a woman can extract from a whole year.

A man makes a game of his work—a

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woman can't even enjoy a game unless she makes work of it.

That's the real secret of man's protracted youth and of all woman's premature gray hairs and worry wrinkles.

She can't enjoy a novel unless she knows "how it's going to turn out," or a love affair unless she knows just where it's leading.

She can't enjoy a play unless it makes her cry, or be content with a husband unless he gives her something to worry about.

She can't be *happy* unless she's *serious*!

Until a woman learns to look upon life not as a dispensation or a bitter responsibility but as a Great Adventure, a beautiful Game of Chance, she will never delight in it as man does.

Until she discovers that business is not a sentence at hard labor and work is not a treadmill, and learns to look upon them as a fascinating sport, she will never get any real joy out of them.

Until she ceases to look upon politics as a "cause" or a "mission" and begins to re-

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gard it as an exciting gamble she will never get any real thrill from it.

Whether he's playing at golf, or politics, or stocks, or art, or love-making, a man always plays just for the sheer joy of *playing*.

If things go wrong, it merely increases his zest and enthusiasm, and inspires him to make a more skilful stroke.

But a woman always plays to *win*. And if things go wrong, it wrings her heart and shatters her nerves.

It's the chance, the gamble, the surprises that relieve a man's life from its deadly monotony and make it an adventure instead of a duty.

That's why most men keep their looks, their figures and their spirit of youth so much longer than most women.

For youth is the spirit of adventure, of hope—that thrilling feeling that something delightful and wonderful may turn the trick for you at any moment.

And until a woman learns how to *play* she will never learn the secret of eternal youth.

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For eternal youth is undying zest in the
Great Gamble called Life!

Play the game!

KEEPING TABS ON A MAN

HALF a woman's days are spent in making herself attractive to a man—and half her nights in wondering *where he is*.

She may succeed in the first, but the second is a lost cause from the start.

You never know *where* a man is, dear heart. The only thing about any man of which you can be absolutely certain is that he is never where you *think* he is.

When you visualize him in faultless evening clothes, entirely surrounded by dangerous and alluring women, he is much more likely to be sleeping with his mouth open, and dreaming of you.

And when you picture him sitting wistfully by his lone fireside dreaming of you, he is probably hilariously "sitting in" at an all-night poker game.

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When you sadly think of him as slaving down at the office, he may be merely hanging around the hotel lobby, flirting with the telephone girl.

And when you have visions of him cavorting around a polished dance floor with some starry-eyed flapper in his arms, he may be sitting in his lonely little den conscientiously writing home to his mother.

When you shudder at the mental picture of him mangled under the wheels of a taxicab, he is probably only finishing a game of pinochle or standing on the street corner exchanging a couple of "good ones" with "Bill."

Not every man who leaves word that he is "in conference" is out lunching with his stenographer. No, no! *Some* of them are "in conference." You never can tell!

Nothing, outside of the Twentieth Century Limited, covers more ground in a few hours than a woman's imagination. If any man ever tried to keep up with a woman's imagination, he would be dead in six months.

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That may be the reason why a man never *tells* a woman anything. He knows that the simple truth would be so much less thrilling than the things she *thinks* about him.

But, as long as she can have exciting or terrifying visions of what a man is doing while he's out of her sight, a woman's life will never be dull.

MAN'S SYMBOLIC HAIR

SOMETIMES I think that all the hair on a woman's head never causes her half the anxiety, pride, pain and joy that the small crop on top of a man's head causes him.

When a woman changes the color or arrangement of her hair it is always for a trivial and frivolous reason.

But the arrangement of a man's hair is *symbolic*.

And when he alters it one jot or tittle it is for a deep and significant reason.

A man does not trifle with his hair.

It is his favorite advertisement of his tal-

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ents and prowess—his one infallible means of expressing himself!

When the savage lets his locks flow about his shoulders and adorns them with red and blue feathers or gaudy beads it expresses his daring and bravery.

It is as though he said “Booh!” to the enemy.

But the first sign of a civilized man is a *haircut*. The symbol of culture and intelligence!

With this start he can branch forth into a hundred variations and divers and wonderful “stunts.”

The musician cultivates a wavy mane to signify “temperament.”

A long, curling forelock falling over the eyes and a little extra hair nestling about his ears is a poet’s means of announcing to the world that he is a genius.

The doctor and the scientist ignore their top-hair and concentrate their whole souls upon their chins. A flowing beard is to them



The Perfect Husband!

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a symbol of erudition, dignity and intellectual depth.

The monk shaves the top of his head to prove his piety.

The barber curls his bangs and the ends of his mustache as a sign of his skill with the tongs and razor.

The actor has his hair marcelled and brightens it with pomade, to signify that he is a hero—and an idol of the fair sex.

The sailor and the baseball player shave the backs of their necks just to show that they are daredevils, as far as tonsorial conventions are concerned.

The soldier cultivates a cute little mustache on his upper lip as a symbol of dashing courage.

The snappy business man goes clean-shaven and close-cropped as a living advertisement of the fact that he is “hard-boiled” and not to be trifled with.

A few strands of long hair plastered across a glacé forehead signify that, while he is no longer a boy, a man is still a dangerous devil.

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Wonderful study—The Language of a Man's Hair!

Any woman who has mastered it can qualify as an Anthropologist.

For she knows the whole Science of man!

And, with a little practice, she can read the varying moods, habits, passions and aspirations of any man on earth—except a bald-headed man and a convict.

For these are the only two men in all the world who do not do *stunts* with their Crowning Glory!

ADAM'S CRIME

WHEN Adam swallowed the apple he put the first blight upon love.

No woman who has once seen a man's Adam's apple can ever again feel the same romance for him.

If love is a lost art in these days it is probably due to the popularity of the new soft, low collars, which make Byron and Ben Turpin look almost like second cousins.

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A woman may love a man for his weaknesses, for his sins, even for his masterful brutality—but she has to love him in *spite* of his neck!

When a man looks at the nape of a woman's neck he is filled with an irresistible impulse to kiss her; but when a woman catches sight of the nape of her husband's neck, where the collar-button has left a red spot, she closes her eyes and tries to remember how *good* he is to her.

A woman's neck appears to curve imperceptibly down from her chin to her shoulders; but a man's neck always looks as though it had just been pasted on as an afterthought.

Clergymen inveigh against the evils and temptations of the modern feminine décolleté; but not even a Fundamentalist could find anything alluring about a man with an uncovered Adam's apple.

A wife can recover from the sight of a man's bare feet, or even from the sight of his chin covered with shaving-lather; but

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something goes dead in a bride's heart the first time she sees her husband without a collar.

Put a high, stiff, shining collar on the Missing Link and he could find *some* woman to pet him and call him "my hero!"

But what woman ever felt a thrill at the sight of the bare-necked Adonis in the pajama advertisements?

Not one!

Yet the snappy youth who poses for the collar advertisements has set many a girl's heart a-tingling—and caused her to wonder just *what* was the matter with her "Charlie."

If the stiff linen collar ever goes completely out of fashion, there will have to be an Amendment making marriage compulsory.

Nobody except Byron could tempt a girl to marry him if he wore a soft, open collar *all* of the time!

Eve may have started all the trouble in the world, but if Adam hadn't been in such a rush to help her the apple might never

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have stuck in his throat, and man would never have been condemned to the torment of a starched linen collar in August.

And—even a married woman might still retain *some* of her illusions!

CLOTHES—AND THE MAN

THERE isn't any Santa Claus!

All my life long I have envied a man his clothes! Not for their intrinsic beauty, of course. I always knew there was no aesthetic reason for the eye-searing things that a man wears.

Look at a man in his shirt sleeves, for instance—and what do you see?

A waistcoat that wrinkles over the most shrinking front, and doesn't come within even kissing distance of his trousers band in the back.

Trousers that balloon around his hips like twin loving cups or a vase of the Ming dynasty, and are held on only by faith and a leather belt.

A shirt that bulges over the straightest

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back, blouses in a haphazard, temperamental way over the belt, and crawls up in front, unless he is constantly holding his breath and tucking it in.

Only under the merciful covering of his coat does a man look as though he were made "all in one piece."

But I have always nursed the fond delusion that men's clothes *were* comfortable. And I have winced with shame and envy every time a man derided woman for her sartorial follies.

Never again! Now I know better! I have tried wearing men's clothes!

At least—I have tried wearing knickerbockers. And pajamas! And never, in all my blameless life, have I been so surprised—and so bitterly uncomfortable!

Next to an old-fashioned mustard plaster, there is nothing hotter, more sticky or more annoying on a July day than a pair of knickerbockers and woolen golf stockings.

Next to a bad conscience, there is nothing so conducive to insomnia as a pair of pa-

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jamás, that tie around your waist, rub your knees and give you rarebit dreams, even on a toast-and-lettuce diet.

Next to the guillotine, there is nothing more cruel to the human neck than a stiff linen collar.

Give me back my wild, free sport skirts, my soothing, tender silk stockings, and my *crépe de chine* lullaby gown!

But you can never give me back my lost illusion!

As far as the "comfort, utility, and sensibleness" of men's clothes are concerned, there isn't any Santa Claus! It's all a myth!

IT MUST BE THRILLING TO BE A MAN

It must be thrilling to be a man!

It must be wonderful always to get the best food, the best service and all the waiter's attention.

It must be glorious to be able to eat a dozen clams, a portion of *filet of sole*, half

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a broiled fowl—and to go to bed and *sleep* afterward just as though nothing had happened!

And to get up next morning with an appetite for waffles and lamb chops!

It must be wonderful to feel as clean, and pure, and almost righteous as a man looks after a shave and a cold shower and a dose of bromide.

It must be delicious never to be expected to write a “duty letter” or to pick up your own clothes; never to have to think about what to have for dinner or to worry about whether the laundry has come home—just to let all life’s little responsibilities slip off your shoulders like water off a mackintosh!

It must be wonderful to feel that your morals are not your own responsibility, and that it is up to some woman to “guide you to heaven.”

It must be wonderful never to care whether your nose is shiny or not, or to worry about your hair coming out of curl.

It must be thrilling to know that you will

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always be "as young as you feel," and that you will be fascinating just as long as you have a few strands of hair left to plaster across your forehead.

It must be comforting to face forty without the slightest fear that you will be out of the "vamping" class—and to believe at fifty that a girl of nineteen loves you for yourself alone!

It must be consoling to know that, no matter how poor or plain or passé you may be, you can always find some woman willing to dine with you, flirt with you—and even to marry you!

It must be wonderful to have pretty, cuddly, little women look up at you worshipfully and ask your "advice."

It must be great to feel that when you deliver an opinion, somebody will listen to you!

It must be wonderful to be able to feel "all dressed up," just by sticking a flower in your button-hole and carrying a cane.

It must be delightful to be able to carry

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all your belongings in your pockets, instead of having to struggle with a hand-bag, a vanity-case, a change-purse, and half a dozen other pieces of "junk."

It must be comforting to know that once you have gotten into your evening clothes, nothing is going to drop off your shoulders or rip off the waistband, and that you are not going to catch pneumonia.

It must be wonderful to know that, when you die, if you have managed to keep out of jail and the newspapers, everybody will speak of you as a "good man."

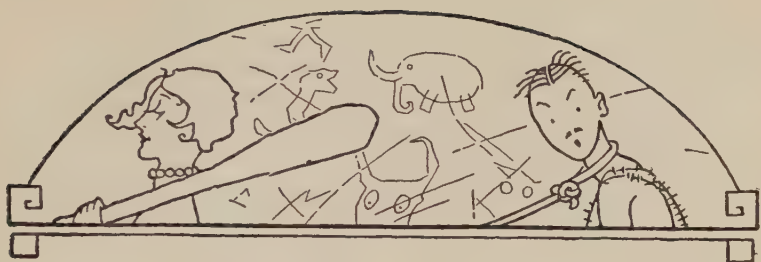
It must be wonderful to have someone believe everything you tell her!

It must be *wonderful* to be a man!



THE FEAT MAGNIFICENT—
GETTING A HUSBAND

The primary rule for marrying is,
“First catch your husband!”



THE FEAT MAGNIFICENT— GETTING A HUSBAND

THE “BORN BACHELOR”

BACHELORS are born, not made; and no matter how often a “born bachelor” may go through the wedding-ceremony, he is still a bachelor—at heart!

If a man lives and dies with his bachelor’s-buttons on, it is not because he “never intended to marry,” but because Nature never intended him to marry. No man ever marries intentionally!

It is not because he is filled with caution and cynicism; but because he is filled with the carefree, irresponsible spirit of Pan—which can never be caught and tamed by any woman.

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It is not because he never loved one woman a lot—but because he loved so many women a little.

It is not because “the right woman never came his way”; but because when she did he was always “on his way” to call on the wrong woman.

Not because he dreaded the storms and struggles of married life—but because he dreaded the “dead calm” of domesticity.

Not because he waited too long to look for the Ideal Love—but because he began looking for it too early—and too often.

Not because he never met the kind of woman he could live with—but because he never met a woman he could *not* live *without*.

Not because no woman ever tried to get him—but because so many women tried to get him, that it spoiled all the joy of the love-chase.

Not because he never had an impulse to tie himself to a woman for life—but because he never had the heart to disentangle himself from all the other women in his life.

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Not because he never had a Great Love; but because he was consumed all his life long with the greatest love in the world—man's sublime, beautiful, imperturbable love of *himself!*

That is what keeps a man a bachelor—not his inability to fall in love, but his marvelous agility in catching his balance and crawling out of it—just in time!

Not his great, dogged “will-power,” as he imagines—but his little, cat-like “won’t power.”

Marriage is a matter of chance or choice; but permanent bachelorhood requires skill, luck, dexterity, eternal vigilance—and natural genius!

WHEN MAN PROPOSES

MAN was once a savage and expressed himself to woman only in grunts and dumb signs.

Now he is civilized and goes as far as monosyllables, sniffs, swear-words and baby-talk.

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It is a feat to get him to *talk*, even before marriage. He may babble in "Golf," "Radio," or "Slang;" but he would sooner be asked to recite a poem in Choctaw than to tell a girl he loves her in plain English.

Of course, a woman always knows that a man loves her, long before *he* knows it; but that doesn't prevent her from yearning for a bona-fide proposal and a little audible love-making.

No married woman will ever tell you what her husband said when he proposed to her; because usually she can't remember that he said anything.

It is only on the stage that lovers say, "Will you marry me?" In real life they are much more likely to mutter, "Oh, you know what I mean! Can't you see what I'm trying to say?" And that's as far as they get.

In order to extract a really beautiful proposal of marriage from a man, you have to write it out and make him say it over after you.

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But if he can express it all in a kiss, and escape the *words*, he feels like one who has succeeded in crossing Broadway at the rush hour without being hit by a motor-car.

And many a man has kissed a girl whom he had not the least desire to kiss, just because that was easier than trying to think up something to *say* to her.

The only way in which a wife can discover how much her husband really thinks of her, is to come back and read it on her tombstone.

A little flattery would often save a man a lot of alimony; but he'd rather pay in cash than in personal effort and the sacrifice of words.

Presence of words in a man always denotes absence of love; he never becomes eloquent except when he doesn't mean anything.

Still if men ever should become frank with women, life would lose lots of its flavor. Half the excitement of a woman's existence consists in guessing just how much a man *means* of the little he *says*.

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LESSONS IN LOVE

NEXT to a broken ankle, first love is probably the most painful thing in a woman's life. It is only "last love," from which she extracts any real comfort and happiness.

And, all the little flirtations and heart-aches in between are just Lessons in Love—research in the School of Experience.

Little by little, lesson by lesson, a girl must learn:

That every woman is a love-seeker—and every man a love-dodger.

That most of a man's life is spent in praying for rain—and then wishing it would clear off; pursuing a woman—and then trying to get past her; falling in love—and then trying to crawl out of it.

That whatever a man wins easily, at cards or love, he is apt to regard as "velvet," and to throw away carelessly.

That a man's motto in love, as in politics, is "Promise anything, until the campaign is won!"

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That it is folly for a woman to lose her beauty sleep, dreaming about a man; because the thought of no woman ever kept a man awake nights like the thought of going fishing next day.

That every bachelor is "lonely" and every married man "misunderstood," on moonlight evenings.

That nearly everything in the world, from a declaration of war to a declaration of love, depends primarily upon the state of a man's digestion.

That letter-writing is a man's pet abomination and a woman's besetting passion. And the only way to charm a man with a sentimental letter is to refrain from sending it.

That love is not an orchid, which must be tenderly cultivated, but a wild-flower, that flourishes best where it is most discouraged.

That three-quarters of a woman's love is love of conquest—and three-quarters of a man's love is love of experiment.

That woman loves to captivate, man to

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subjugate; but the real art consists in never letting a man know that he is a captive, or a woman suspect that she is a subject.

That a man's heart may have a secret sanctuary where only one woman may enter—but it is full of little ante-rooms which are seldom vacant.

That to a woman last year's love is a flower in the book of memory—but to a man it is about as interesting as last year's almanac.

That the only way to find happiness in love is to take it, like medicine or religion, with blind faith—and a little philosophy.

That love is not all there is to life—but, to a woman, it's the plot, the theme, the incidental music, and the climax.

EVERY MAN LOVES A "LADY"

OUTSIDE of a plucked eyebrow, there is nothing on earth narrower than the notions of a man in love.

Every man is at heart a "sweet old-fash-

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ioned man," with ideals as set and mid-Victorian as a pair of pink china shepherdesses.

There is no such thing as a "modern man." When it comes to love, they are all 'way back in the Garden of Eden with Adam.

A man may, sometimes, "fall for" an ultra modern jazz-girl—but in that same moment, he falls upon her cigarette, her lipstick, and all her modernisms and tries to break her of them.

As long as a man admires and applauds your wild ways, he is only playing; but when he begins to reform you, it's real love.

He may have been attracted by your snappy slang and your casual pettings; but the moment his heart comes into action, his modernism has a reaction.

A profane word from the lips of a girl he has just met may sound merely "cute and daring;" but a "damn" from the lips of a woman he has begun to love grates on his finer sensibilities, like the squawk of a parrot from the throat of a canary.

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As long as a girl is only an adventure in his life, she may pass her kisses around like chocolate fudge; but when she becomes a heart-interest, he turns conservative and begins to believe in monopoly.

Daring clothes, high-art faces, and rolled stockings may catch his eye—but, in the woman he *loves*, they merely offend it.

Never conclude that a man loves you as long as he flatters you and approves of you—wait until he begins to criticise you.

A man has awfully high moral and social standards—for his own Woman, or the woman he wants to “own.”

Every man loves, not a woman, but an ideal creature, which he has made in her image, and clothed with all his illusions—and he will forgive a woman for anything on earth, except for shattering this image.

Every man loves a “*lady*.”

Women and times and manners may change; but a man’s romantic ideals, thank Heaven, will never change!

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GETTING A HUSBAND

GETTING a husband in these days is a simple matter.

All it requires is the tact of Talleyrand, the technique of Sarah Bernhardt, the genius of Einstein and the self-control of a brass Buddha.

All you have to do is to appear to be "backing away" when you are really "going after" him.

To make him think that he is pursuing you when he has merely stopped running and is waiting for you to catch up.

To prove to him that he loves you—and then seem surprised and startled when he springs it upon you as his own bright, original idea.

To give him the illusion that he is proposing to you when you are really supplying him with the words and music and training him to say them over after you.

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To let him enjoy the impression that he is “stringing” you, while you are quietly plaiting the string into a noose.

To assure him that while you realize that marriage is woman’s highest vocation, you never, never thought of it until he mentioned it to you.

To convince him that you are “just a good little pal”—while you are running your fingers through his hair and planning the wedding decorations.

To make him believe that, while he may enjoy kissing some girls a lot of the time and a lot of girls some of the time, he is going to find it far more thrilling to have to enjoy kissing one girl all of the time.

To prove to him that, although he has taken perfectly good care of himself for twenty or thirty years, he still needs somebody to find his hat, count his laundry, watch his diet and ladle out his tonic.

To make him believe that he is the “hero” of your dreams when you are secretly planning to remodel him in everything, from the



Just a good little pal —

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shape of his collars and his favorite haircut to his pet habits.

To pretend not to take him seriously when you are planning to *take him* if it takes a lifetime!

To persuade him that his soul is singing an aria when it is merely his pulse beating ragtime.

To put him through a lot of misery in order to prove that you could make him happy for life.

Oh, yes, getting your first job is a feat—but getting your first husband is a miracle.

And yet, men wonder why women are “so deceitful!”

A MAN'S WOMAN

THE woman who makes a man happiest in this world—the woman whom he loves longest and understands best—is the woman who loves him *just enough*.

Just enough to make him happy—and not enough to make him tired.

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Just enough to flatter him—and not enough to make him conceited.

Just enough to appreciate his tastes—and not enough to coddle his whims.

Just enough to be glad when he's around—and not enough to be sad when he's away.

Just enough to inspire him in his work—and not enough to distract him from it.

Just enough to be proud of him—and not enough to be jealous of him.

Just enough to understand him—and not enough to dissect him or to want to remodel him.

Just enough to stick to him—and not enough to hang onto him.

Just enough to be his friend—and not enough to be his keeper.

Just enough not to weary him with kisses—and just enough not to freeze him with indifference.

Just enough to welcome him joyfully when he arrives—and just enough to let him go when he wants to *get away!*

“Just enough!” Magic words!

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The secret of happiness! The secret of success in friendship, love, matrimony—in everything worth while in life.

Having just enough, saying just enough, knowing just enough, eating just enough, working just enough, playing just enough!

And, above all, *loving* just enough!



THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

Take all the women out of the world,
and man would go back to Nature in less
than five years—and be healthy, happy
and comfortable.



THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

THERE are times when every man secretly suspects that woman was sent into the world for the sole purpose of making a man suffer.

If there were no women in the world, a man could be perfectly comfortable and happy, shaving twice a week, going around in a buffalo robe or his fishing clothes, and never worrying about his complexes, or the future of his soul.

It is woman's love of beauty that drives a man to hide his Adam's apple, and that red-white-and-blue column he calls his neck, under a cast-iron collar that chafes his chin in winter, and wilts beneath it in summer.

It is for woman's sake that he backs into

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a stiff evening coat, and suffers through five or six hideous hours, trying to keep his hard-boiled shirt bosom from bulging.

It is woman who thinks up harrowing ways of spending an evening when he might be enjoying himself.

It is she who serves eight-course dinners, made up of little bites of disguised food, when he is longing for a thick slice of rare roast beef and a baked potato.

It is woman who puts up lace curtains so that he can't see out of the windows and covers all the lights with pink shades so that he can't see what he's reading or find what he's looking for.

It is she who polishes the floors so that he slides all over them, and puts down rugs so expensive that he can't walk on them in his muddy boots, without giving her a brain-storm.

It is woman who invented love-making, and insists on all the preliminary red-tape of flirtation and romance, through which he has to go, in order to get a kiss.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

It is woman who drags him to church, art exhibits, highbrow plays and grand opera, when his soul is yearning for a game of golf, a prize-fight, a girl show, or a nap.

It is woman who insists on "filling his life" and overflowing into his spare time, when all he wanted was a summer afternoon's sentimental diversion.

It is woman who persists in idealizing him, and setting up standards of virtue, manners, culture and ambition for him to live up to—and then suing him for alimony, when he doesn't.

It is woman who tidies up his desk, cleans his pipe, throws away all his old shoes, hides his fishing tackle, and makes him wear dark blue ties, when his heart is sighing for passionate reds and yellows.

It is woman who insists on being loved when he only wanted to play, on being flattered when he wanted to talk about himself, and on being married when he only wanted to be left alone.

It is *woman*, who robs him of his wild

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bachelor freedom, drags him through the horrors of a wedding ceremony, makes him buy a house in the suburbs, and keeps his nose to the grindstone forever afterward,

In short, it is woman who turns him from a happy savage into a tame but rebellious civilized being! No wonder he growls at her, now and then, and thinks of her always as "the white man's burden!"

WHEN A WOMAN "EMOTES"

ONE of the hardest things for a man to bear with, in woman, is her unpardonable way of deluging him with her emotions.

A woman simply *has* to "emote," once in a while, or something tragic will happen. Either her heart will freeze and burst, like the hot-water tank in January, or her whole nervous system will go to pieces.

When a woman feels like "emoting," she doesn't wait for a Prince Charming to come along. She picks on the first personable man who happens to wear the right collars,

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drapes her illusions on him, and splashes her sentiment all over him.

Many a perfectly innocent man has been astonished to be rushed off his feet, propped up on a pedestal, handed a halo, and "emoted" over.

At first he may feel flattered, but he is more apt to feel as though somebody had overturned the syrup-jug or the radiator pipes had burst.

He doesn't perceive, of course, that it is not his fatal fascination and irresistible charm that have caused all the havoc, but just the volcanic quality of woman's nature, which *must* erupt, now and then.

He wonders why God made him so wonderful and beautiful and dangerous, instead of why Nature made woman such an eighteen-carat fool.

He knows, of course, that woman was made for love—but he can't understand why she should be so impolite and unconventional as to love him before he has given her permission.

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He can't realize that, for the moment, she's simply got to adore something; and that a man is the most appropriate and convenient thing. A Pomeranian may do for her daily sentimental exercise; but, for her Big Emotional Scenes, a Pom doesn't fit into the picture.

If John the Baptist had only kept quiet and let Salome go on raving until she had finished "emoting," he might have escaped with his head on. But he wanted to *stop* her!

And, when a woman's emotional nature has begun to overflow, trying to stop her is as fatal as trying to stop Niagara.

Never take a woman seriously while she is "emoting." Wait until she recovers—and then see if she remembers your middle name.

"FORGIVING" A MAN

A WOMAN is always "forgiving" a man for something!

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

Man must admire the quality of "forgiveness" in woman—for he never neglects a chance to give her an opportunity to exercise it.

He will always agree to "forgive and forget" if the woman will do all the forgiving and let him do the forgetting.

Half the time a man never suspects that he is being "forgiven" nor has the faintest idea of what he's being forgiven for.

When a woman twines her arms around his neck and murmurs half-tearfully, "Oh, well, he's a darling, anyhow!" he is utterly dumbfounded. He knew he was "a darling"—so why mention it?

It's a cold shock to him to come in all aglow with a box of narcissus, a pair of theatre tickets and the conviction that he is making a big hit with a woman, only to discover that he is being "forgiven" for not noticing that she has done her hair in a new way.

But the most exasperating thing of all, is to have her forgive him for something she

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suspects that he's going to do before he's done it—and thereby take all the kick out of it!

A man is always asking a woman's forgiveness—and then wishing she'd stop deluding him with it.

Lots of times a woman insists on forgiving a man when he doesn't want to be forgiven. All he wants is to do something so "unforgivable" that she'll let him alone!

A man can't help it if a woman insists on falling in love with him; if she persists in trusting him; if she insists on hanging illusions around him—magnifying and glorifying and sanctifying him.

And after she has done all this, and discovered her mistake, it's maddening to have her come around and "forgive" him for being a mere human being.

From the day a man is born, some woman is always forgiving him for something! The little girl forgives him for pulling her hair and breaking her dolls; later, she forgives him for trampling all over her dancing slip-

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

pers; and still later, she forgives him for trampling all over her finer sensibilities, her illusions and her love of beauty.

She forgives him for kissing her—and for forgetting to kiss her.

For lying to her—and for telling her the brutal truth.

For deceiving her—and then for undeceiving her!

She will forgive him for burglary, arson, mayhem, murder—for anything on earth—but for failing to fall in love with her! Or for falling in love with some other woman!

And, if she can't find anything new to forgive him for, she'll go right on forgiving him for something he did years ago!

It's no use! Woman was born to "forgive" man—and he can't *stop* her!

WHY MEN LIE TO WOMEN

A MAN finds it awfully hard to lie to the woman he loves, the first time he tries—and awfully hard not to, forever afterward.

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This is because woman is so “unreasonable!”

Any normal man prefers to be open and above-board. Subterfuge and evasion are foreign to his nature. But what can the poor boy do!

He would much rather tell a girl frankly that her nose is too short, but that he loves her just the same, than perjure his soul and strain his imagination, in the effort to invent new compliments and flattering fibs every day for the rest of his life.

He would much rather telephone her that he is going on a wild party, or to a smoker at the club, or to “The Follies,” than invent a committee meeting; but that would involve explanations—and a man hates to explain things.

No married man really desires to resort to subterfuge in order to get away evenings. It is a great nuisance to any man to have to “watch his step,” clean out his pockets, chew cloves or pretend not to see the little blonde

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who is trying to flag him from across the restaurant.

Any man would infinitely prefer to bring "the crowd" home, and stage their all-night parties right in the family living-room. But, alas, the wife "can't see it that way." Unreasonable—that's what!

Any man chafes at clandestine and sub-rosa methods, and hates to walk four blocks out of the way, and tip the waiter to find him an obscure table, when he takes that "old flame" out to luncheon. But his wife simply wouldn't "understand." So there!

Any man hates to have to resort to prevarication, from the wedding day to the grave, to explain his tardiness, his absence, his intemperance, or his indifference.

He would much rather tell a woman the truth—that he *did* stop at the little corner "speak-easy" to chat with Bill; that he was out with the old flame or the new stenographer; that he *has* had a drink; that he did forget that it was their wedding anniversary

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—or that he doesn't give a *hang* about her any more, anyhow!

But he's a gentleman—and he's got to lie like one! He's got to temporize or have a scene on his hands!

A woman's attitude is such, that he is driven to deceit, just to preserve the peace and “keep things running smoothly.”

And, Heaven knows, peace and perfect *liberty*—to do anything on earth he pleases—are all that any man asks!

That's why, in his bright lexicon, a lie is a lie, if he tells it to another man—but, when he tells it to a woman, it's just “policy.”

A woman is so “unreasonable!”

WHAT MAKES THE T. B. M. SO TIRED?

I HAVE often wondered what makes the Tired Business Man so tired, after dictating four letters, a half-hour “conference” and a two-hour lunch.

Between his wife and his stenographer,

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many a perfectly good man is leading a "double life" without even suspecting it.

The average man moves like a shuttle between these two women, morning and evening—and half the time he doesn't know which one means more to him.

A man may value his wife above rubies and even above his favorite gold-plated collar-button—but only a good stenographer is invaluable!

A small boy may be kept in order by one nurse, but it takes *two* women to keep any man going straight.

It takes two women to think for him, to remember for him, to pick up things after him and to keep his desk and his conscience clean.

That is what makes him so tired!

Whether he wants it or not, two women are continually revolving around him, like the sun and the moon, and staving off all the other little constellations and shooting stars that try to wedge in between.

He shuts the door thankfully on his wife's reminders to "wear his light suit," to come

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home early and not to forget the plumber—and then he rushes down-town, to be greeted by his secretary's reminders that "this is the day he is to lunch with Mr. Brown," and not to forget to sign that contract, and to be sure to call up the engineer.

Consciously or unconsciously, he is the motive power in the life of two women, the object of their devotion and their suspicion, and the victim of their dispositions and indispositions.

Two pairs of eyes are always watching him; four hands are taking turns at pulling on the curb-bit, and two nervous systems are alternately getting worked up over his carelessness, his "cruelty" or his digestion.

The only chance he has to side-step from the strait and narrow path is between the breakfast table and the office—or between his desk and the dinner table.

And if wives and stenographers would only co-operate, no man would have a chance to get very far from the dotted line between his home and his office.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

No wonder the Tired Business Man is all fagged out, and has to be forever inventing "conferences," slipping off to ball-games and going away on business trips.

Even a goldfish longs for a private *thought* now and then!

MAN'S SWEET DREAM



To a man, the great mystery of life, is "what a woman does with her time, all day!"

In his blithe philosophy, all she need do, is to press a button—and presto! the house starts running itself, and goes right on running, while she sits around polishing her fingernails and meditating on the future of the soul.

That is why she "worries so much!" That is why she is so restless, and peevish, and introspective. If only she had something to *do*!

But you know how it is! Clothes pick themselves up off the floor and hop gaily into the laundry hamper or back onto the closet hooks.

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Shoes whistle to each other, choose their partners and do a fox trot onto the shoe-rack.

Dishes leave the table at a signal, plunge merrily into the dishpan, and then give themselves a hot shower and a rub-down before filing into place on the shelves.

The clock whisks the dust off its hands and feet, and the piano wipes its own face.

The butcher psycho-analyzes the family and discovers its suppressed desires—and lo, the leg of lamb comes stalking up to the kitchen door, all covered with mint sauce.

Potatoes take a running high-jump into the oven, and the vinegar and paprika, and olive-oil get together and do a pas seul, when they see the salad preparing itself.

Buttons find their places like well-trained chorus girls, and socks run around until they discover the exact shade of darning wool, with which to cover their shame.

Tailors, dressmakers, milkmen and tradesmen tiptoe in and out like fairy sprites, miraculously doing their little “bit”—and

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then, fade away and never come back again, to collect.

Washing machines never break down, fires never go out, cooks never get tired or ill or balky, grocymen never make mistakes, telephones never interrupt, the laundry counts itself, babies never cry—water runs up hill, the moon is made of green cheese—

And *housekeeping* is one long day of rest!

What *does* a woman do with her time all day?

WOMAN'S NERVES—AND MAN'S ALIBI

If it weren't for a woman's "nerves," where would a man find his alibis?

"Woman's nerves!" There is nothing else in the world with which a man is so tenderly sympathetic.

"Oh, the Wiff had a touch of nerves, this morning," he will confide to you, with an expression of solemn concern.

Meaning, probably, that after she had called him seven times, and made fresh

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toast, and warmed over the chops, and reheated the coffee, and waited, and waited and waited—and waited—for him to get up, she had a fit of hysteria.

Nerves!

It's woman's "nerves," that make her too "impatient" to endure having the newspaper retailed aloud to her in scraps and snatches, every morning.

It's her "nerves," that drive her to unreasonable desperation, when she is all dressed for dinner, and the guests are arriving, and the soup is getting cold, and her husband is still in the shower bath.

It's her "nerves" that make her protest against going to a jazzy-razzy musical comedy, and yearn for a quiet restaurant, where they don't serve whistles and cow-bells instead of food.

It's her "nerves" that send her into a weeping fit, when she has been sitting in a corner all evening watching her husband make calves' eyes at another woman.

It's her "nerves" that make her angry

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when she can't have a new hat, because you lost the money at poker or backed the wrong horse.

It's her "nerves" that plunge a girl into melancholia or drive her to cynicism, when she has been waiting five years for a man to ask her to marry him.

It's her "nerves" that make a wife sarcastic, when you preach "system" to her, after she has had to find your shoes, your hat, and your brief-case, every morning for fifteen years.

It's her "nerves" that make her "petulant," when you accidentally tip over the Satsuma vase, or smash the Chinese lamp, or leave your burning cigar on the mahogany, or laugh at her new hat, or step on the kitten, or nearly put out the baby's eye, or put your foot through her new French evening gown, or set the curtains on fire, or let the family skeleton out before her worst enemy.

It's *always* her nerves!

A woman never has any moods, opinions, reasons, feelings—she is never disappointed,

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or angry, or weary, or blue, or discouraged, or indignant. Not justifiably so, anyway.

She is never anything except "nervous!"

And a man's *patience* with a woman's "nerves" is positively sublime!

WHY TRY TO FOOL A WOMAN?

WHY will any man waste his time, his energy and his breath trying to deceive a woman?

No man has ever yet succeeded in fooling a woman who loved him—much less the woman who happened to be married to him!

A woman can always tell what a man is thinking or feeling, what he has been doing, and even what he is going to do!

A woman doesn't have to go through a man's pockets in order to discover that he has lost a lot of money. She knows by the way he avoids her eye, by his lack of appetite, by the way he groans at her "extravagance" and goes around the house turning out superfluous electric lights.

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And she doesn't have to look at his bank-book in order to discover that he has just made a lot of money. She knows by the spring in his step, the glint in his eye, the real enthusiasm with which he kisses her and invites her out to dinner.

She knows the moment a man is attracted to her, by the way his glance lights up and the way he keeps looking at her. And she knows the moment he has ceased to be attracted to her, by his listless manner and the way he looks through her—at other women.

By some primitive instinct, some atavistic clairvoyance, even by his voice over the telephone, she knows when he is *going* to tell her a lie—even before he tells it!

A woman doesn't have to look for rice powder, blond hairs or a new sachet on a man's coat lapel in order to discover that he has been making love to another woman.

She knows it by the abstracted way in which he kisses her—or by the overdone ardor with which he kisses her; by his sudden

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and unexpected little attentions, or by his sudden and complete forgetfulness.

She doesn't have to sniff his breath in order to know when he has had a drink. She can tell by the way the wheels of his car crunch on the gravel drive just how many he has had.

She even knows by the way in which the telephone rings just when *he* is at the other end of it!

It's positively *uncanny*—this thing that a woman calls her "intuition," and that a man calls her "suspicion!" A woman always knows!

And a man *knows* that she knows! But, it's absolutely useless to try to persuade him that he can't fool her, *next* time, by telling her a *better* lie!

MEN LIVE—WOMEN THINK

"MEN live their emotions—while women think theirs," according to the latest discovery of a lot of brilliant scientists.

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Well, any woman could have told them that without dropping a stitch or missing a beat in the salad-dressing.

A girl goes through a thousand imaginary love-affairs before she gets her first kiss—but, up to that moment, a boy is just a lump of protoplasm whose most violent emotion is a passion for lemon meringue pie or baseball.

While a girl is dreaming and theorizing about love, a man is off getting his kindergarten training from a widow or a chorus girl. While she is embroidering things for her Hope Chest, he is out embroidering the Primrose Path, and getting a working knowledge of life.

When a man wants anything, from a girl to a fortune, he goes after it—but a woman takes it out in wishing, waiting and “emoting” over it.

A woman will secretly let the worm of jealousy gnaw at her heart, and pretend to smile. But, when a man is jealous, he either proceeds to punch his rival's head, or

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“lives” out his emotions, by kicking things around and brow-beating the office force.

While a woman is nursing a secret grudge and mentally murdering a man and boiling him in oil, a man is off venting his grouch or his temper on a poor little golfball; and the more clubs he breaks, the more relief he gets.

A man can “live” out more emotions by swearing at his razor when he cuts himself, than a woman can work up over a real catastrophe.

While a woman is weeping over a dead flame—a man is off building a lot of little, new bon-fires.

When love dies, a woman closes the door of her heart, and locks it *in*, where she can “suffer” over it—but a man closes the door of his heart and locks it *out*, where he can forget it.

After marriage, a man soon puts his emotions in cold storage, along with his wedding coat. But a woman keeps hers alive and aching, by going to the movies and getting her thrills and torments vicariously.

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When a man can't stop "emoting," he thinks he is going crazy—but when a woman can't stop "emoting," she is perfectly normal.

Oh, yes, "men live their emotions, while women think theirs"—and we can prove it without a clinic or a stethoscope!

WHY CAN'T A WOMAN BE "MIDDLE-AGED"?

SOME day, I am going to be frankly and jollily middle-aged.

Some day—some halcyon day!—I am going to throw away my powder puff, vanity-case and lipstick, do my hair comfortably, and walk boldly forth in flat-heeled shoes and clothes to match them.

Why can't a woman be frankly middle-aged?

Why does she feel that she must struggle as though for dear life, to hang on to her slipping youth?

Why does she feel panicky at the sight

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of the first gray hair or the first wrinkle?

A man has no such tragic sensation.

When he first espies that cluster of snow above his ears, it may give him a slight shock of surprise, but he is not in the least appalled.

He is even a little pleased with himself—he feels that it makes him “interesting.” And “distinguished looking!”

Catch *him* moving the mirror hastily back from the window!

Why does a little woman with a few smile-wrinkles around her eyes and a few extra pounds of flesh on her comfy, motherly-looking hips, feel a cold fear clutching at her heart, when she observes her equally fat and wrinkled husband looking speculatively at a flapper?

Why can't a woman sit back and enjoy growing comfortably rotund—as a man does?

Why does she feel apologetic, when she chances to find herself amongst a group of

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flippant, flighty young things and half-baked youths?

A man, in the same group, feels only stimulated and "pepped up," or bored and "superior," according to his mood.

He never doubts for a moment, that he could be any flapper's "Ideal," just as he is!

He thanks Heaven that he is no "cake-eater!"

Why does a woman ruin her hair with dyes, torture her feet with tight, high-heeled shoes, wreck her health with banting and rolling, and shatter her peace of mind with anxiety and heart-aches, the moment she feels that middle-age is about to set its finger upon her?

A man dreads growing *old*. He dreads the day, when he will lose his teeth, and have to give up his business and his games.

That is perfectly natural.

But he accepts, even welcomes, middle-age, as the fruitful time of his life; the time when he can enjoy the fruits of his hard work—can take up golf, let out his waist-

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band, dictate to younger men, and impress the world with his wisdom and importance and success.

Never for an instant does he doubt his personal charm, his fatal fascination—never, so long as he can look in the mirror and see a bright cravat beneath his face and a few strands of hair above it!

Why, oh why, does a woman let middle-age put her out of countenance?

Woman may have the ballot, she may wear knickerbockers, she may practice law and earn money and smoke cigarettes (if she wants to)—but never, never will there be any real equality between the sexes, until women have the right to be frankly *middle-aged*, as men are!

Some day I am going to throw away my powder puff and vanity-case!

Some day, I am going to be frankly and jollily middle-aged!

(But, not yet—oh Lord! Not yet!)

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WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS

At twenty a woman is what God made her; at forty she is what she has made herself—unless, of course, she was born with “charm.”

Charm is that intangible thing, which gives one woman in a hundred a handicap over all others in the race for love, power and admiration.

Charm is not a matter of rare beauty, superior mentality, genius or even sex-appeal. If you have it, you have it; if you haven't, no magician, beauty specialist or psychologist can tell you how to acquire it.

Charm is that indescribable quality in a woman's manner, voice, attitude and expression which makes a man forget that her coloring is anaemic, her mouth is too large, her chest is flat, and her name is Huldry.

It is that irresistible force which draws a man away from a group of flappers and makes him sit on a hard chair talking to a

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woman of thirty-nine and forget his dinner engagement.

It is that magnetic current, which benumbs a man's common sense and lures him away from his own fireside to the hearthstone of a woman, who hasn't half his wife's looks, one-third her talents, or one-tenth her worth.

It is that subtle spell which makes a man propose when he had no notion of marrying, no idea of how he is going to support a wife, and no faith in the existence of real love or domestic happiness.

Charm is that smoke screen which often hides a shallow soul, a childish mentality and a parasitic nature—that anaesthetic which lulls a man's distrust to sleep, robs him of his resistance and leaves him powerless in a pair of feminine hands.

Charm is that indefinable fascination which unlooses in a man all the gallantry, the devotion and the generosity, which no amount of comradeship, loyalty, or even beauty could inspire, without it.

Charm cannot be acquired—and is never

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lost. It radiates around its fortunate possessor in waves, and washes up at her feet the brightest gems of admiration, adoration and devotion.

Charm is a God-given thing—as intangible as air and as powerful—and rare—as radium!

THE “CUTIE”

To win a man's undying gratitude, tell him that he looks “distinguished.” He would almost rather look like a banker or a celebrity than *be* one.

But never waste time trying to make a woman happy by telling her that she looks anything but “cute!” Of course, “Beautiful” or “ravishing” will do. But why take a detour when there is a straight cut to her heart and her vanity?

Secretly, or subconsciously, every woman thinks of herself as “cute.”

She would rather be *cute* than President! Or than statuesque or gorgeous or “equal” or noble, or anything like that!

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Shush! She always speaks of her frock as "my little blue dress." And of her hat as "that little red tam," or "my little green cloche."

She fondly refers to her number sixes as "my little black satin pumps," or "those little slippers I wore yesterday."

She always says, "Well, I think I'll tuck myself in my little bed." Or, "I guess it's time to seek my little 'downy-downy.' "

"Cute!" That's what!

No matter if she is a replica of the Washington Monument or Grant's Tomb, she consoles herself with the sweet reflection that her nose is cute. Or that her ankles are small. Or that her feet are so narrow!

When a blindly doting man calls a two-hundred pound woman "Little One," she doesn't even smile—or wince. She *feels* that way anyhow.

Every woman loves to gaze up at a man when she's talking to him—even if she has to sit down on a foot-stool in order to do it.

If she married a worm, she would dig a hole in the ground and crawl into it so that



Tell her she's cute!

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she might lay her head on his shoulder and murmur, "How big and brave and strong you are!"

The man who treats her like a queen may flatter her—but it's the man who "babies" her and treats her like a piece of bric-à-brac who *gets* her.

Nobody understands this feminine weakness—least of all the woman herself. From what prehistoric impulse it sprang, no one can say.

We know why men always seek a wall-table in a restaurant. That, the scientists say, dates back to the time when man grabbed his food and backed up against a tree to eat it so that no enemy could attack him from behind.

We know why dogs turn around three times before lying down on a Persian rug.

We know why children are afraid of the dark.

But never, never shall we discover why women yearn to be cute!

Or why men insist on having them that way!

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WOMAN—DISCOVERER AND INVENTOR

EVERY now and then some man arises and announces that Woman is mentally inferior to Man because she has never discovered or invented anything.

Well—let's see. Who discovered sin?

The Inquisitive Sex—of course!

The first woman who took the first bite of the first fruit-cocktail. And no man has ever tried to rob her of the distinction—though he has robbed her of most of the sins.

Who discovered love? The Sentimental Sex!

If it had not been for woman's flair for coquetry, her penchant for petting and her demand for devotion, the caveman never would have found out that his desire to club her senseless and drag her home by the hair was "love."

Who invented clothes? The Vainer Sex? Certainly!

If it had not been for feminine vanity,

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man would probably still be going around in carriage-robcs in winter and fig-leaves in summer, without so much as widening a trouser leg or changing a cuff-button from season to season.

Take all the women out of the world and he would be rid of safety-razors, boiled collars, silk hats and patent leather pumps in less than a year.

Who invented marriage? Surely the Cautious Sex.

No man ever goes into marriage intentionally and deliberately. He merely stumbles into it or skids into it, when some woman has got him so dizzy that he can't see where he is steering.

Who invented speech, dialogue, repartee, polite conversation? Not the Monosyllabic Sex! Oh, no—the Chatty Sex!

If it had not been for woman's passionate desire to *tell* things and to "express herself," man would still be conversing in signs and grunts and clinching his argument with a blow, instead of with an epigram or with the story about "Pat and Mike."

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Who discovered cooking? The Fastidious Sex!

If it had not been for woman's hypercritical sense of daintiness, man would still be eating his mutton raw, his lamb without mint sauce, his mushroom without toast and his grass without mayonnaise.

Who invented "society," jazz-teas, course-dinners, week-end parties, scandal, charity-fêtes and matrimonial unrest? The Restless Sex.

Take all the women out of the world and Man would go back to Nature in less than five years—and be healthy, happy and comfortable.

As it is there are times when he seems to be still in a state of barbarism, only slightly modified by woman, the inventor and discoverer!



THE WHITE WOMAN'S BURDEN—THOSE MEN

The average man is wedded to business, golf, hunting or fishing—and his wife is merely the co-respondent.



THE WHITE WOMAN'S BURDEN—THOSE MEN

A MAN is like a motor-car—next to getting him started in any direction, the hardest thing in the world is to *stop* him!

It takes three full weeks, every autumn, to persuade him to shut the front door behind him—and three more weeks every spring, to coax him to leave it open, after him.

Next to getting him out of the house evenings, the most difficult problem is to get him back *into* it again, before morning.

He may have to be bullied and backed into his evening clothes, but once in them, he wants to keep them on until the sun rises. You may have to beg him on your bended

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knees to take you to a dance—but once, there, you cannot pry him away until the saxophones have all been packed in their cases, and they are about to extinguish the lights.

He may have to be dragged to the dinner-table with threats of cold mutton and starvation—but, when the maid attempts to clear away the dishes at eight-thirty, he wonders “what all the rush is about.”

He may have to be cajoled into letting you invite a few people in for dinner; but at twelve o'clock, he is assuring them that “the night is still young” and begging them not to go!

He may have to be threatened with pneumonia before he will wear his sweater on the golf-links in March—but he will have to be threatened with sunstroke or apoplexy before he will take it off in June.

He may revolt bitterly against donning his overshoes in the morning downpour, but he will blissfully walk home through the sun-baked streets in them, at 6 P. M.—and wonder why his feet hurt.

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He may have to be implored to put on his old clothes while working on the car on Sunday morning; but he will have to be almost insulted before he will change them on Sunday afternoon, when visitors arrive.

A man is a collection of habits, and getting him to relinquish one of them is like detaching the baby's sticky fingers from the fly-paper.

That's why he is always so surprised when his wife wants a divorce. He cannot comprehend why a woman who has cajoled, tempted and vamped him into marrying her, against all his theories and his better judgment, should not want to *stay* married to him, no matter what his faults.

"Woman's changeability" has been a source of annoyance and mystery to him, ever since Eve invented the first "moving day."

That is why it's so important to get a husband started in the way you want him to go. Once he starts off on the wrong foot, he'll go right on that way to the grave de-

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claring that all the rest of the world is “out of step.”

As far as a man's politics, his religion, his hair-cut, his little habits, and his clothes go, once he is “put,” he “stays put.” Nothing about him ever changes—except his *heart*!

THE SANTA CLAUS MAN

EVERY man's favorite rôle in life is that of Kris Kringle.

Every normal man insists on playing Santa Claus to the woman he loves.

He begins by bestowing his attention upon her, and bringing her pounds of bon-bons that play havoc with her reducing diet.

He speaks of having “given her his heart,” when she probably had to wrench it from him, when he was off his guard.

He delights in “surprising” her; in bringing home a lobster for her to cook for dinner, when she has already prepared a roast leg of mutton; in giving her a two-hundred-dollar player-piano, when she had asked him

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for a two-dollar pair of socks; or a vacuum-cleaner, when she has remarked that she needs a new kitchen mop.

He would rather make her a present of a forty-dollar hat that makes her look like a Turkish atrocity, than hand her \$4.98, in cash, with which to buy herself a hat that matches her clothes.

A friend of mine, in San Francisco, asked her husband to bring her home a pair of Chinese house slippers, because her feet were on the ground.

He forgot, on the way to his office, what it was she wanted; but he remembered that it had something to do with walking; so he sent her a little electric brougham.

Many married women would have to go about like Lady Godiva, if they refused to accept all their clothes as "presents." They have closets full of lovely "surprises," no two of which match, and none of which fits them.

A man will generously and joyously give a woman anything on earth he can afford,

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from his devotion to an ermine coat—unless she happens to *ask* for it, first.

Nothing makes him so indignant, as to discover that a woman thinks she has a claim on his time, his thoughts, his kisses or his money.

Even when he gives her a compliment on her cooking or her economy, he expects her to receive it with a bark of joy, as though he had put a lump of sugar on her nose and bade her “speak” for it.

It isn’t really penuriousness or selfishness that makes him so unenthusiastic about paying the household bills; it’s just the feeling that there is nothing picturesque or sensational about it, and that nobody will be “astonished” or grateful to him.

The contented wife is the one who can visualize her husband as a Fairy Godfather, wielding a wand, and making things spring into existence for her.

The happiest wife is the one who looks on marriage as a big Christmas tree, and on her husband as Santa Claus, with a bag full of

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surprises on his back—the one who accepts everything with childish glee, and goes through life, crying, “Goody! Goody! Goody!”

THE “HE-MAN”

OF late, there has been much talk about the “He-Man.”

Next to the “Flapper,” he has probably received more advertising in the magazines and newspapers than anything, except Prohibition.

“He-man stories!” “He-man heroes!”
“He-man fights—games—lovers!”

Whenever a husband refuses to put on his dinner-coat, or to go to a musicale, or to help wipe the dishes, or to wear his overshoes, or to amuse the baby, or to pick up his own clothes—he says it’s because he’s a “He-man.”

Every time he does something particularly awkward or forgets to do something graceful, that is his alibi.

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Well, then—what is a “He-man,” anyhow—“a big, virile, two-fisted, red-blooded ‘He-man’?”

If a “He-man” is one who treads all over your toes, and your finer sensibilities; who goes around the house without a collar or a shave; who shatters your ears with a laugh like a bass-drum; who knocks over the best porcelain and stamps muddy boots across the Persian rugs; who deifies the flesh-pots and laughs at the arts, and thinks more of a good dinner than he does of a good book—then give me something more civilized, and less “he!”

Nobody likes an effeminate man—or a masculine woman.

Heaven forbid!

But a man can be entirely *too* “he.”

Just because he is “two-fisted and red-blooded” is no reason why he should take credit to himself for using the wrong fork and saying the wrong thing at the critical moment; or why he should despise poetry as a frivolous art, scorn good music as a fem-

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inine weakness, laugh at good pictures, and refuse to read anything but the baseball news and the funny sheet.

Just because he loves a horse, a dog, a gun, a fishing-rod, a "man's-size job" and his food, is no reason why he shouldn't love any of the more delicate and charming things in the world.

Give me a man who is not so "he," that he can't sympathize with a woman's moods, interests and enthusiasms and enjoy doing some of the things which *she* enjoys doing.

Give me a man who knows what to do when a woman has a headache or a crying fit, or a touch of the blues.

A man who can sit around the house all day Sunday without getting on a woman's nerves.

A man who knows how to hold a woman's hand without crunching her fingers and to kiss her without wrecking her marcel.

A man who sometimes notices a woman's clothes; who does thoughtful, gracious, tender little things for her.

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Give me a man who loves beautiful things—poetry, flowers, pictures and the spring moon.

A man with a little religion—a finer streak—in his soul!

Yea, verily, if a “He-man” is a rough diamond—then give me a little polish!

Amen.

CLASSIFYING THE GROUCH

A WOMAN may have nerves, temperament, curiosity, caprices, or a martyr-complex, but the *grouch* is a strictly masculine affliction.

To accuse a woman of “having a grouch” is as insulting as to accuse her of having a bass voice or a mustache. It is *so* unfeminine!

Lots of men have never had adenoids or appendicitis; but a man who has never had a grouch would seem scarcely human.

Half a woman’s life is spent in trying to locate the source of some man’s grouch—to discover whether it proceeds from an aching



The grouch is a strictly masculine affliction —

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tooth, an aching heart, an aching conscience or an injured vanity. There are so many varieties of grouch, and some of them are so highly Burbanked, that diagnosis is impossible.

Every woman is familiar with the common or garden grouch, from which the most sweet-tempered husband suffers occasionally—when his breakfast has disagreed, or the rain has spoiled the golf or the baseball game. Without a few of these, no man would seem natural.

And most of us know the strategic grouch, with which a man seeks to forestall a woman's righteous wrath by attacking first when he suspects that he's "in for it." Before she can open her lips, he has "gassed" her with some trivial accusation, put her on the defensive, and robbed her of her argument. Crafty work!

Then, there is the martyr-grouch—that maddening mantle of Injured Virtue in which a man wraps himself for days and days after a domestic battle in which he has

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been accused and “found guilty.” When one of these has lasted for forty-eight hours, almost any wife will gladly beg her husband’s pardon for having found him out. Anything for peace!

And there is that after-the-honeymoon grouch, with which every brand new husband tries at least once to show his wife “her place.” Somebody has told him that the only way to be “master in his own house” is to subdue a woman by pretending to brow-beat her. He tries it—just once!

And there is, of course, the misogynist grouch—the perpetual, ingrowing cynicism which is indigenous to the confirmed bachelor, and which he nurses in place of a soul, and cherishes in place of a wife. It is all a pose, but he enjoys it so! It is his only comfort in life!

But all of these are as nothing beside the critical grouch! The dumb, disapproving grouch, which some husbands carry from the altar to the grave, and which dampens a woman’s ardor, chills her enthusiasm and

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gradually puts out the lovelight! This is the only serious grouch—and the only one for which there seems to be no cause and no cure!

Still, you've *got* to have something to remind you that you are married these days. A man has a woman's bills—and a woman has a man's grouches!

HIS ESCAPE VALVES

SOMETIMES I wonder how women endured life before men took up smoking—and golf!

Give me a man who smokes!

I don't care what he smokes—Havanas, stogies, cigarettes, a briar, a meerschaum or a corn-cob pipe—so that he goes behind a smoke-screen, at least once a day, and leaves the world and the family in peace.

Take away a man's tobacco and you unloose his untamed, aboriginal nature. No man is quite civilized before breakfast and before his first morning smoke.

Every man must have some "escape

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valve" for his superfluous energy, his grouches and his nervous tension, and nothing else has ever yet been discovered quite so innocent or so effective as smoking and golf.

Smoking is not pretty, it is not particularly healthful, and it does not tend to make a man more kissable. But it has done more than any other one thing to prevent domestic quarrels, fights and even wars and divorces.

Stick a man's favorite "smoke" in his mouth and, no matter how great his grievance, his worry or his anger, the effect is as magical and soothing as though you had handed a baby its bottle.

Slowly his growls die down, his tautened nerves uncurl, his problems go up in smoke and over his troubled spirit steals a sweet and delicious calm. Five minutes more and a restive animal has been transformed into a nice, tame husband—at peace with all the world!

Before smoking and golf were introduced,

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murder was the favorite morning pastime and out-door sport.

When a king's breakfast disagreed with him, he ordered a dozen or so of his subjects beheaded to relieve the tension.

A woman never could be sure, when her husband went off in a huff and banged the door, whether he would return with his head—or with his enemy's head. But she knew there would be a fight.

Instead of writing sonnets, or buying a girl orchids to prove his love, a lover went out and proved it by killing somebody.

There was simply no other outlet for a man's inhibitions, his complexes and his original sin, except fighting and drinking.

But smoking and golf—blessed, blessed panaceas!—have brought joy to the souls of men, peace to the world and safety to women!

Give me a man who smokes—because, if he doesn't, I can never be sure that he won't find some worse little vice to take its place!

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“MISUNDERSTOOD” MAN

WHEN a man finds a woman who “understands” him, either she is fooling him, or she was born with the gift of clairvoyance.

If a woman is “misunderstood,” Heaven knows it is not her fault; she is constantly trying to explain herself, interpret herself — “express herself.”

But when it comes to “explaining” anything to a woman, the average man is as inarticulate as a prima donna saving her voice for a concert. A mummy is lively, the Sphinx is frank and chatty beside him!

How *can* a woman know anything about a man when he shrouds his motives, moods and emotions in a blanket of mystery? How can she “understand” him when she never understands why he doesn’t *tell* her anything?

Why he didn’t *tell* her that he ate something for luncheon that gave him a headache

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—instead of moping around the house with a martyred expression and making her feel that *she* has committed a crime.

Why he didn't *tell* her that he had a conference on and would be an hour late, instead of letting her sit and draw mental pictures of him being murdered or brought in on a stretcher, until her nerves give 'way.

Why he didn't *tell* her that his shirts needed buttons, or that all his silk hose had given out, instead of looking abused and injured when he starts to dress.

Why he didn't *tell* her not to buy him cigars for his birthday, or that he hated green cravats, or that he wanted a set of O. Henry.

Why he didn't *tell* her that he adored her in that little blue hat before she gave it away; or that he preferred her in black, before she got that red dress; or that business was "rotten," before she ordered that new Chinese rug for the library.

Or that radishes disagreed with him, or that the doctor had forbidden him to eat any

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more pastry, or that he was going to bring a friend home for dinner, or—or—or——

Why, oh, *why*, he ever married her, if he didn't want her to know anything that was going on inside his head or his heart or his office or his stomach or his imagination!

But, ah me! If he *told* her all these things, how would he ever pose as a martyr or a hero or a deep, dark, fascinating mystery?

How would he ever succeed in being “misunderstood”?



THE DOUBTFUL DELIVERANCE —DIVORCE

A good husband is a rock of strength on which to lean—but there are lots of times when he seems more like a pebble in the shoe.

We often hear of a “one-man” dog and a “one-man” woman; but somehow we are always delightfully surprised to find a “one-woman-at-a-time” man.

Divorce is the Great Divide, over which most women expect to return to the Garden of Romance, and most men to pass into the Happy Hunting Grounds.



THE DOUBTFUL DELIVERANCE —DIVORCE

POLITE DIVORCE

THERE is nothing like trying a new shoe or a new servant to make you appreciate the comfort and virtues of an old one.

There is nothing like looking around at other women's husbands to make you value your own special "Blessing" or "Dispensation," as he may be.

And there is nothing like reading a foreign divorce scandal to make you appreciate and applaud The Great American Husband!

When you hear that an English duke has sent his duchess packing, ejected her maid from the house, and locked the door on both of them, you thrill with pride at the realiza-

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tion that the American husband would never have been so impolite about it.

No indeed! He would have helped her pack her trunks, strapped them for her, and ordered the expressman.

He would have carried her Pekingese down to the motor-car and made it comfortable under the rug on the back seat.

Would have found her smelling salts, her vanity-case, and her purple shoes, and have helped her fasten her dress on the shoulder.

Would have promised to engage a good lawyer for her, and to see that her mail was forwarded.

Would have bought her railway ticket and tipped the porter and told him to "look out for the lady in lower eleven."

He might even have telegraphed ahead to order the florist to have her favorite flowers in her room when she arrived.

That's the American man for you!

Whatever he does, he does it thoroughly, whether it's ordering a dinner, making a fortune, giving a banquet, closing a deal, or

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putting the "finishing touches" on marriage.

He doesn't allow his emotions and inhibitions to interfere with his common sense or his manners.

Oh yes, the American man's love-making may leave much to be desired, and his proposing is certainly lacking in thrills and dramatic fervor. But his divorce-manners are perfectly beautiful!

Many a woman never really sees her husband at his best, until they have promised to part forever! And, then she begins to wish she had him back again, before her train reaches the next station. Perhaps that's why so many American women remarry their divorced husbands.

For, after all, the ultimate proof of a gentleman is his ability to divorce his wife as gracefully and tenderly as he courted her.

The best husbands, the finest bath-tubs, the most comfortable shoes—and the happiest divorces in the world are made in America!

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“IF-I-HADN’T-MARRIED!”

THERE are ultra-marine moments when even the most happily married man or woman is attacked with that “If-I-hadn’t-married” feeling.

Usually, after a quarrel, or on a dreamy moonlight evening, or when the furnace breaks down, or along in the Spring when the wedding invitations and the bills for the plumbing and painting begin to come in, and you need a tonic, and the office or the house-work leaves you all frazzled out.

Do you think wistfully—if you are a man—of the glittering new car you might have bought with the money you just paid out for insurance and the doctor’s bills and the interest on the mortgage?

Do you wonder “what the boys are doing now” while you are discussing the grocery bills or mending the dining-room clock or putting up the screens?

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Do you think regretfully of the Big Chance you might have taken in Wall Street if you had had nobody dependent on you for the rent—or the pretty girl with whom you might be strolling in the moonlight or dancing at the country club at this romantic spring moment?

Then, alas, you have the “If-I-hadn’t-marrieds!”

Do you think enviously—if you are a woman—of your lucky (?) unshackled women friends who are planning trips to Europe or getting out a new book or in the throes and thrills of a new spring love affair?

Do you dream, sometimes, of the brilliant “career” you might have had, the applause and tributes and pretty clothes, if you had “used your talents,” gone on the stage or tried writing, instead of just being “somebody’s wife”?

Do you think with yearning tenderness of the care-free days when you could lie in bed mornings as long as you liked, eat when you

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were hungry, and buy a new hat without consulting anybody's taste or pocketbook?

Then, ah then, you have the "If-I-hadn't-marrieds!"

If you hadn't married you *might* be doing all these things!

And, again, you might be bewailing the money you lost in Wall Street or recovering from a splitting headache after a wild night "with the boys" or getting tangled up in a foolish love affair, dear boy.

Or you might be sitting alone and weeping your eyes out over a broken engagement, or a book or a play or a job that had "flivved," dear girl.

And the bright chances are that both of you would be pitying yourselves and saying passionately, "If I had only married!"

Because there are just three kinds of people in the world—those who wish they *could* marry, those who wish they *hadn't* married and those who wish they *had* married!

THE DOUBTFUL DELIVERANCE

THE DOUBTFUL "DELIVERANCE"

THERE is a right and a wrong side to everything; and the lining to the roseate divorce-cloud is not more than one-half of one per cent silver.

Getting rid of the most painful husband or wife is like having a tooth extracted; even after the ache has subsided it leaves an awful hollow, and you keep missing it.

Divorce is the doubtful "deliverance" which permits a woman to exchange the "bondage" of a home for the "freedom" of a nine-to-five job in an office—and allows her to take orders from an employer instead of ignoring orders from her husband.

It permits her to drive her own car, pay for her own theatre tickets and taxis, enjoy her own companionship and criticise someone else's cooking.

It relieves her of the necessity of wheeling money out of her husband at home,

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and gives her a chance to bully alimony out of him in court—if she can.

It permits her to do all frivolous, foolish things which seemed so intriguing when she was married—and seem so flat and flavorless now that they are no longer taboo.

It allows her to join that vast throng of unattached womanhood and “live her own life”—until she gets sufficiently fed-up and bored to buy another ticket in the lottery of marriage, and to try putting up with another man’s collection of faults and idiosyncrasies.

Divorce relieves a man of the necessity of going home every night for dinner, and permits him to take his shirts and socks to the laundry to be wrecked.

It gives him a chance to become re-acquainted with the high price of orchids and taxis, and with the inconvenience of waiting in hotel lobbies and looking pleasant while a woman finishes dressing, instead of stamping up and down his own living-room.

It permits him to pack his own bag, get

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up his own laundry, clean his own brushes, find his own clothes, go without his tonic, and get as sick as he likes.

Divorce cures a man of the habit of hunting for things to criticise, and a woman of the habit of "looking for trouble."

It gives a man the chance to eat at restaurants, and allows a woman to sample cafeteria cooking.

It permits a man to come home as late as he pleases—to a deserted fireside; and allows a woman to go out every evening—and get up and go to work next morning.

It gives a man a chance to live in the fear of every woman's smile, instead of in the fear of one woman's frown; and a woman the chance to listen to a lot of men's fibs—instead of to one man's alibis.

It leaves a man free, free, *free*—to make a fool of himself! And a woman free, free, *free*—to marry again!

Think twice before you divorce *once*!

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ON HUSBANDS—AND TEETH

SOME women seem to have a habit, these days, of rushing into divorce almost as regularly as they go to the dentist's—just to see what they're "suffering" from.

All our ills are being blamed on two things—our teeth and matrimony.

But, changing a husband, like charging one's teeth, is a serious problem, and not always the perfect panacea it is supposed to be. The old ones may give us lots of trouble; but, the new ones, after all, are purely matters of experiment and speculation. We may never get used to them!

A woman usually arrives at the "cross-roads" with her husband and with her teeth, at about the same time in life. She is torn with doubt as to whether to get rid of them both, before they give her any more anxiety or to try to hang onto them a little while longer.

It is so often just a case of exchanging a

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tooth, or a husband, which gives her no peace of mind, and is always grumbling and hurting her, for—a makeshift or a dummy.

Yet, when a woman no longer has the interest or ambition to preserve her teeth or to “save” her husband, it is a sign that life has lost some of its zest, and that her pride and vanity are on the wane.

A normal woman will try anything, from dieting to faith cure, to hold on to any kind of tooth—or husband. She may consult her dentist or her lawyer—but she usually goes home, and thinks things over for months or years before she does anything radical.

It is such an expensive and painful process to face; and she knows that even a bad tooth or a bad husband can be cruelly missed.

Besides, the void is horribly noticeable, and attracts so much attention, sympathy and curiosity. An appendix, a rib, or a tonsil may be dispensed with in comparative privacy; but losing a tooth or a husband is a matter of public interest. There is no hiding the fact!

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Everyone wants to know how, when and why you got rid of it—or him—and if you are seriously considering replacing the loss. It hurts a woman's vanity dreadfully—and always makes people suspicious of her age.

Alas, if a woman could only take an X-ray of her husband, as she does of her teeth, and find out just what is at the root of the trouble—just what is working in the inner recesses of his mind and heart!

Then, she would probably never get rid of him! For, even a poor husband, like a poor tooth, seems to be better than any substitute that has yet been found.

Any good dentist—and any good lawyer—will tell you *that!*

DIVORCES THAT NEVER HAPPEN

Most of the divorces in this world, like most of our troubles, “never happen.”

Breaking up a marriage is not a joyous nor a simple thing.

That “just-after-the-separation” feeling

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is not the exhilarating thing many people imagine it.

It is more like the mingled sensation of pain and surprise that comes the moment after you have removed a tight shoe and before the ache has subsided.

No matter how much of a disappointment or a torment a husband may have been, a wife misses him as she would an eye, a tooth or an arm.

And even a poor eye, a bad tooth or a weak arm may be bitterly missed.

She misses the sound of his key in the latch—or even the heart-aching uncertainty of *waiting* for the sound of his key in the latch.

She misses the little ceremony of hanging up his smoking-jacket, and cleaning and drying his safety-razor.

She misses his soft, big handkerchiefs, that come in so nicely for bathing the eyes, removing her beauty cream and polishing the mirrors.

She misses those stimulating before-

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breakfast arguments, the wild morning hunts for his shoes and hat, and even those dull after-dinner lethargies, that got on her nerves and bored her so.

She misses his watch, to set the clock by.

His penknife and his tool-kit.

The bay-rum or lilac water he used after shaving.

The chance to borrow his woolly bathrobe on cold mornings.

His bunch of odd keys, his fountain-pen, his patent shoe-horn—

“All alone in the world—,” she sobs, “and not even a shoe-horn!”

And, in a burst of self-pity, she goes *back home*—for the sake of a shoe-horn!

Or, for somebody to take her out to dinner.

Or, for somebody to fasten her frocks, or carve the fowl, or to bring in the evening papers, or to reach the things on the top shelf!

Not that she ever suspects this, of course. She thinks that she is going back for the

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sake of duty, or for love, or to “save” him, or to “make him happy.”

But it is the little things that draw her by the heart-strings—the little habits, and customs, and comforts—and dear, familiar discomforts.

That is why wives go back home!

Untwining lives that have been intertwined for a few years is a painful process—and always leaves the victims with that “all-gone” feeling.

We marry for absurd reasons; we divorce for trivial, foolish reasons.

But, we reunite for almost no reason—just “for instance.”

Which is merely Nature’s wise, little way of pointing out the great, incontestable fact that God meant us to hold together!

“THAT MARRIED FEELING”

WHY does disappointment in marriage always seem to keep a woman younger and more attractive than contentment?

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You'd fancy that worry and heartaches and disillusionment would age a woman more quickly than happiness. But they don't—they stimulate her!

That's why a divorcée always holds onto her girlish figure and her "pep" longer than a married woman.

She has never had a chance to slump down into "that married feeling."

She hasn't acquired the "Ho hum! Now-it's-all-over" attitude.

Nor the "Now-I've-got-him-what's-he-going-to-do-about-it" feeling.

Nor the "Why-bother-he-loves-me-no-matter-how-I-look" attitude.

She has never enjoyed that sweet but dangerous sense of security, which acts like a lullaby on a woman's vanity.

That sense of security which makes her put away her scented note-paper and write to her husband on the back of an old laundry bill.

Which makes her mind so easy that she can sleep and eat herself into fatty degen-

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eration of the heart and figure and brain.

Which makes her give up her accomplishments, her sachets, her coquetry and her interests, give in to her appetite, and read nothing but the bargain sheet and the grocery book.

Which gradually washes all the color out of her personality and turns her from a wild rose or an orchid—into a cabbage.

Which makes her perfectly content to wear left-overs and made-overs, while her husband flashes about trim, neat—and much too kissable—in new blue serge, gay spring neckties and a scented-talcum shave.

Which makes her stop laughing at his wit, stop trying to understand his politics, yield to a yawn and forget the morning kiss.

Oh, it's a Lorelei song, a delicious, deadly thing—that warm, sweet bath of contentment—that “settled” feeling!

But the disappointed wife has learned that in these days there is nothing secure about marriage—not even the alimony.

She knows that marriage is the end of all

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a girl's struggles and problems—and she has found out *which* end!

She *has* to keep up her looks, her “pep,” her charm and her enthusiasm, if only to “show him” and the world, that she is not “down”—much less “out of the running.”

She hasn't got “that married feeling.”

She can't afford to “settle down.”

But neither can a happy wife!

MORE TO BE SCOLDED THAN PITIED

WHY does everybody pity a man who is “married to the wrong woman”?

A husband may be “just one of the wedding gifts”—but a wife is a man's own fault.

All chivalrous arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, it is the man who does the “choosing,” whether it's choosing a dinner-partner, a dance-partner or a life-partner. If you don't believe it, just try to marry one of them against his will!

If a man picks out a wife for the shape

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of her nose or the slenderness of her ankle or the dimple in her elbow, why pity him because she turns out to be a dumbbell with one brain cell, or a kleptomaniac?

If he insists on marrying a woman simply because she amuses him, why feel sorry for him when she won't cook for him, too?

If he dodges "the right girl" just because he doesn't happen to be in the marrying mood and then grabs some "innocent bystander" just because he *does* happen to be in the mood, why sympathize with him?

As long as he continues to fall in love through his eyes and his senses, instead of with his heart and his mind, why pity him if he gets something beautiful-but-dumb who bores him to death?

As long as he prefers incense to common sense, why pity him if he gets a wife who flatters him in one breath and asks him for money in the next?

As long as he passes the girl who would be a life-long inspiration, in order to pursue a fluffy, little temporary diversion, why shed

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tears over him when he groans that he is "misunderstood"?

Oh, I know how it is! They do seem sort of pitiable and helpless. *I've* patted their hands and said, "There, there, now!"

But, all the time my heart was not with them, nor with the woman they *should* have married and didn't—but with the woman they *shouldn't* have married and *did*!

"If he had had the *right kind of a wife* he never would have gone the pace, forged the check, speculated in Wall Street, played the races or gotten tangled up with the other woman!" says the world.

Of course, he wouldn't! And if he hadn't eaten cabbage or mushrooms he never would have had indigestion. If he had not swallowed the cocktail, he never would have had the headache. Sweet apple-sauce.

Choosing a wife is the most important act of a man's life—and the one to which he gives the least thought, time, attention and intelligence.

He holds all the cards in his hand. 'And,

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when he plays a little two-spot instead of the queen of hearts, he expects to be pitied.

And we pity him! Heaven knows why!

WHAT EVERY HUSBAND KNOWS

THERE are moments in the life of every man, no matter how happily mated, when he secretly longs to "leave home."

He may not know the real reason; but he can always give you a good one—if you'll only wait until he thinks it up.

It may be because his wife is completely absorbed in the children and never has time "to play around with him, like a little pal, any more."

Or because she neglects the dear, blessed little children and never does anything but jazz and play around like a moron.

Because she has turned out to be nothing but a cook and a housekeeper, and he yearns for mental companionship——

Or because she has turned out to be nothing of a cook and a housekeeper, and he

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yearns for a palatable meal and a few solid comforts.

Because she is consumed with vanity and spends all her time in the shops and the beauty parlors—or because she has forgotten all her charming vanity and spends all her time in bungalow aprons and dust-caps.

Because she doesn't give him the "mothering" and coddling he craves—or because she smothers him to death with her "eternal mothering and coddling."

Because she is too highbrow and bores or patronizes him—or because she is too frivolous and never has a serious or interesting thought in her foolish head.

Because she feeds him on stews and leftovers and half-portions, to save money—or because she wastes all his money on the table and feeds him on lobster and chicken and rich foods that disagree with him.

Because she never cleans his safety-razor or picks up his things after him—or because she is forever following him around like a detective and picking up his things and

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going through his desk and monkeying with his safety-razor!

Because she doesn't understand him—or because she understands him too well; because she's too cold, because she's too clinging; because she's too weak-minded, because she's too strong-minded; because she's too old, because she's too young; and—oh, just because!

In short, the reason why a man leaves home is because he wants to *get away*. It is not the “lure” outside the home that tempts him to wander—but the lull inside it, and what the poet calls his “going-foot.”

And the miracle is not that a few men do leave home, but that any man ever *stays* home!

THE REAL GROUNDS

SOMETIMES the reasons for which we divorce each other are almost as trivial as the reasons for which we marry or as absurd as the reasons for which we fall in love.

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A man, for instance, seldom loves a woman for the sake of a big, beautiful virtue, but for the sake of a dozen inconsequential, little fascinations—such as the way her eyes twinkle when she squints or the way she crooks her little finger around his coat button.

And a woman will go on quite cheerfully living with a good-looking murderer or a good-tempered bandit—and then suddenly divorce him because he glances at a blonde, takes a fancy to spring onions or wears a soft collar.

There is something about a big virtue that leaves us cold—and something about a big sin or a great fault that inspires us to stick by the sinner and “pull him through.”

But, oh, the thousand *little* failings! It's those that drive us to Matteawan—or divorce!

The way he grasps the door-knob and looks at his watch when he kisses her good-by mornings.

The way he yawns and expels his breath—or guggles and draws it in.

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The way he shoots the shades up to the tops of the windows or slams the bathroom door.

The way he argues with the waiter over a two-minute egg.

The way he snickers to himself and won't tell her what he's laughing at—or goes snooping around the ice box trying to “detect” something wrong; or drums on the floor or puts his feet all over the furniture or goes to sleep at a picture show.

The way she borrows his brushes and leaves her hair in them.

Or pinches the tooth-paste from the wrong end and breaks the tube.

The way she picks specks off his coat, inspects his boots with a critical eye and feels his chin “to see if he's shaved”; as though she were his “keeper.”

The way she forgets the butter or the salad, or sniffs suspiciously through his letters, or musses up the newspaper, or gossips with the cook.

These are the thousand-and-one little

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“aches” from which big divorce cases grow, even though the grounds named in the decree may be “desertion” or “cruelty” or “infidelity.”

And nine times out of ten, a nice, long matrimonial vacation in time would save marriage from wreckage and romance from destruction.

Because living within four walls with any human being is a life-sentence—but living *alone* is a death-sentence!



THE GREATEST SPORTING PROPOSITION ON EARTH— MARRIAGE

Marriage is a “long shot” on which you stake your life’s happiness—and, at the same time, it is a game of skill, requiring a level head, cast-iron nerves, a cool temper and a poker face. Marriage is a sporting proposition—and a good husband or wife is, first of all, a good sport.



THE GREATEST SPORTING PROPOSITION ON EARTH— MARRIAGE

MARRIED PALS

“Of course platonic friendship is possible,” remarks a Cynic—“but only between husband and wife.”

But that’s just where it’s most needed!

In the trials and vicissitudes of marriage, what you need is a *friend*—not a lover.

Why shouldn’t husband and wife be the best pals in the world—after the glory and glamour and pain and disappointment of young love have worn off?

They should—for a thousand reasons!

They have gotten their eyes open, after the nine days’ wonder of the courtship, the

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wedding, and the honeymoon—and there is no star-dust left to dazzle them, and to make them see double or crooked.

There is no longer any false “mystery” between them, to blind them to their true selves and to each other.

There is no longer any “game” for them to play, any sentimental fencing, any rôle for either of them to live up to.

They have come to the show-down, and the cards are on the table!

He knows that he cannot play the “Big-Chief-Blood-and-Sand,” the “All-Wise-and-Infallible-Pooh-Bah,” “The Mighty and Magnificent.”

She has nursed him through the grippe and the tooth-ache, and listened to his helpless moans, too often for that.

She has seen him with his chin covered with shaving lather and his top-hair sticking up in tufts.

She has helped him find his shoes, and has bandaged his sore thumb.

She has known his judgment to fail, and

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helped cover his breaks and mistakes, dozens of times.

She has seen him hopelessly struggling to make a garden grow, and an automobile go, and stilled his muttered curses.

She has caught him fibbing—and forgiven him.

And she knows that she can't bluff him into thinking her an "Angel," a "Siren," or a "Bundle of Mystery," any more.

He has seen her putting the cold-cream on her nose, and caught her working in the mud-pack, too often for that.

He has soothed her hysterics, and forgiven her for burning the chops.

He has helped her worst the cook, and backed her in a battle with the janitor.

He has watched her put on her "make-up," and he knows that her "subtle elusive charm" comes in a bottle at seven dollars an ounce.

There is no "fascinating mystery" about her—except that which he himself hung there, in the rosy days of their romance.

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They no longer love each other, blindly—and that is their chance of happiness! They can *like* each other with their eyes wide open!

That is their chance to get acquainted, to meet on equal grounds, and to grow old together in perfect friendship.

To be real pals!

For, the happiest marriage in the world is not a faded romance—but a *glorified friendship!*

“THE MAN OF HER CHOICE”

THERE is still a quaint, old-fashioned illusion that a girl marries “the man of her choice.”

But every girl knows that a husband is just one of the wedding-presents—like the salad-bowl from Aunt Sarah and the carving set from Uncle Joshua. He is the wedding-gift from Fate, with which she must appear “perfectly delighted,” for a little while anyway.

No girl ever really *chooses* a husband. A

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husband is something that happens to you, like a spring cold—something, like a bargain, that you never find when you are looking for it!

But even if a girl could select a husband out of a large and varied assortment, she might do no better. It is just as safe to pick out a husband by counting “Eenie-meenie-minie-mo-I-spy-you!” as by all the eugenic tests.

It is just as safe to blindfold yourself and choose with your heart as to keep your eyes wide open and choose with your judgment.

Whatever the man you lead to the altar may be like, you will find yourself married to a total stranger a few weeks later. And whatever kind of man you marry, there will always be times when you will wish you had married the other kind.

If he is the quiet, home-loving sort who can't be pried out of the house to a theatre, a club or a lodge meeting, you will often be bored to death—

And if he is the exciting kind, like a dime

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novel, full of surprises and adventures and temperament, you will always be worried to death.

If he is a human dynamo around the office, who "brings home the bacon" in the form of pearls and limousines, you may die of sentimental starvation.

And if he is a model lover who never forgets the morning kiss or your wedding anniversary, you may work yourself to death hustling for the rent money.

If he is the genial, popular sort, of whom you can be proud, he may come home only to change his clothes, between stags and lodge-meetings—

If he is as faithful as a St. Bernard and as dependable as the dining-room clock, he may be as uninteresting as an income-tax report.

You may have been friends and sweet-hearts for some years—but you never know a man until you have had to share breakfast, the morning paper, the bath-towels and a dollar bill with him!

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A husband, like any other wedding-present, is *always* a surprise—and the only thing to do is to try to get used to him, just as you have to get used to the blue china console set and the hand-painted parlor lamp.

Because even if you could exchange him, along with the other presents, you probably would not get anything that you liked better—or half as well!

HOW SHE'D MISS HIM —AND WHY

WHEN a married woman confides to you that “if anything should happen to George” she simply couldn’t stand it, she’d miss him so—she means:

That she’d miss the rustle of his newspaper at the breakfast table—

And the rattle of his latchkey in the door at night.

The smell of his shaving-soap in the bathroom—

And the fresh, invigorating fragrance of

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lilac water on his chin, as he pecks her on the cheek before departing for the office.

The sight of his cigar ashes all over the waxed floors—

And his cheery whistle as he pounds and tinkers out in the garage.

The sound of his voice as he disciplines the children—

And the sight of his face as he regards the overdone roast.

The frown on his brow when he receives the monthly bill from her favorite department store—

And the look of reproach when he discovers that four buttons are missing from his pet suit of pajamas.

The deadly smell of his hunting jacket—

And the periodic thrill of watching him clean his gun in the midst of the family circle, with the baby right within range.

The sound of the lawn-mower when she's trying to get him in to dinner—

And the sight of his greasy clothes and



If anything should happen to George !

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smudged face when she drags him from under the car to meet company.

His groan of ingratitude when he discovers that she has been cleaning his desk—

And his grunt of approval when he discovers that she has “saved the papers,” and not thrown away the lease.

The privilege of sending his suits to be pressed—

And of putting his evening clothes away in a tar-bag.

The excitement of listening to his stories of the deer which were all does—

And of rapturously admiring the photographs of the fish which he landed “single-handed.”

The opportunity of hearing how “Mother ran a household on nothing a week—”

And the thrill of being told that she looks more stunning in her made-over frock than her fat neighbor looks in a Paris creation.

The consolation of comforting him in his business grievances—

And the flattery of knowing that it is to

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her alone that he brings his problems and troubles.

The joy of running bills in his name—and the wholesome fear of the consequences.

The doubtful pleasure of being called “that lucky little woman” by all of his friends, and “poor dear thing” by most of hers—

And all the other things that a Husband stands for—

And that a wife has to “stand for!”

THE MARRIAGE-TRUST

MARRIAGE is a large order.

The price of love is a standard price.

And there are no “bargain days” for would-be profiteers in domestic happiness.

Marriage is a jealous deity, who says, “Thou shalt have no other idols before *me!*” —and the punishment of those who break this command is sure and swift.

Most of us enter the temple of matrimony, unconsciously carrying our “other idols”

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with us—our vanity, our ambitions, our self-love.

We say that we marry “for better or for worse”—but, alas, most of us marry just “for instance.” Oh yes, we do!

For a passing fancy, for an escape from the loneliness of bachelorhood or spinsterhood or widowhood, for a change from a job, for a home, for a romantic adventure—for almost anything, except the things to which we promise allegiance at the altar.

And most husbands and wives are unfaithful—not to each other—but to the great *marriage-trust!* To Marriage, itself!

Yea, verily. A wife is unfaithful to marriage when she puts her own whims and caprices before her husband’s love.

When she sacrifices her husband’s strength and peace of mind on the altar of her social ambitions; when she backs a tired, overworked man into evening clothes and drags him around to dinner parties and trotteries, for her own glorification.

When she makes a fetich of her vanity,

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and dedicates her soul to the worship of clothes.

When she loves her own ease and her own good-times better than she loves her husband's comfort and his digestion.

When she gives her life to an art or to success, and to the making of books, or pictures, or money, rather than to the making of happiness.

No woman can be faithful to a job or a profession and to a man at the same time. It is the rankest sort of bigamy.

And, by the same token, a husband is unfaithful to marriage when he makes a god of business!

When he loves making money better than making love.

When he loves his golf better than he loves his wife's company.

When he loves his club better than he loves his home.

When he loves his amusements, his grouches, his digestion and his personal indulgences better than his wife's happiness.

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It is all very chic and smart to chatter about “personal liberty” and the “preservation of the individuality” in marriage.

But these are the rewards of single blessedness!

When you marry you lay down your freedom, take off the armor of your individuality and hand over your personal liberty.

And your reward is *love*—and love, alone.

Marriage is a large order; the price of love is a standard price—and there’s no cheating Fate!

YOUNG HEARTS FOR OLD

WHEN a woman of forty walks to the altar beside a youth of twenty, the angels weep. But when a man of fifty marries a flapper of twenty, they burst right out sobbing!

The world seems to be full of Fausts—and Faustinas—who are clamoring to sell their souls for a few years of young love.

There is no reason why a man’s heart, or

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a woman's either, should curl up like a cat and go fast asleep after forty.

There is no reason why a lone man or a lone woman should not seek love, companionship, romance, adventure and thrills as long as he or she lives. But, alas! when they rob the cradle, they are seeking it at the wrong fountain.

Nothing makes a woman feel so old as to watch her gay young husband dancing with the flappers while she sits in a corner and tries to beam benignly upon them.

Nothing makes a man feel so antique as to watch his giddy young wife flit about the tennis court with a strapping six-foot youth, while he sits on the club-house piazza and nurses his gout and his injured vanity.

It hurts old feet to try to keep step with young ones; and old hearts get tired trying to keep the pace with young spirits and enthusiasms.

If you must have romance and the renaissance of youth, then find it in someone of

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your own generation; somebody who was a boy or a girl when you were, and who can be young again with you.

Somebody whose ways are your ways, whose dreams and ideals are your dreams and ideals; who will be gay while you are gay—and who will get tired and sleepy and want to go home when you are tired and sleepy.

Somebody to whom you still seem young and charming, and who does not make you feel as though you were washed off the 'Ark' by the Flood.

Don't fancy that you are the *only* one of your generation who has found the secret of eternal youth and perpetual charm. Everybody's finding it, nowadays!

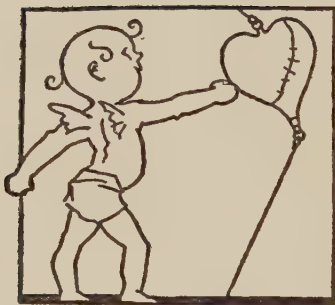
You can't buy young love; you can't even "lease" it; you can only make yourself a little ridiculous and very sad trying to chain it to your side with silver dollars.

But all your life long you can have love and enthusiasm and adventure if you will

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seek it with your own kind—with those of your own age, who are still “boys and girls” at heart!

That is the wine without the headache—the thrill without the heartache, Oh all ye middle-aged Loveseekers!



WITH AN
OCCASION-
AL SHIP-
WRECK!

Ray







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